Accessions
149,666

Shelf No.
X.G.397444

Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.

£2. 2.

Hosmer Sale, 1861, No. 672.

by Thomas (Middleton)
printed 1624

It is very rare and valuable
as the Duke of L. M. Hyde
sale for £6.2.6.

The portraits of Gondomar and
Loyola on the title.

A Game at Chæss as it was Acted nine days together at the Globe

The Black-House | on the banks side, | The White-House.

XG
.397A
.A4

14.9.666
May: 1873

Prologue.

VVHat of the Game, cald Cheſſe-play, can be made
To make a Stage-Play, ſhall this day be plaid.
Firſt, you ſhall ſee the men in order ſet,
States, and their Pawnes, when both the ſides are met:
The Houſes well diſtinguiſh't: In the Game
Some Men entrapt, and taken to their ſhame,
Rewarded by their Play: And in the Cloſe
You ſhall ſee Checque-Mate, giuen to Vertues Foes.
But the fair'ſt Iewell, that our hopes can decke,
Is, ſo to play our Game, t'awoid your Checke.

The Induction.

Enter Ignatius (discouering Errour sleeping.)

Ignatius.

HAh? where? what Angle of the World is this,
That I can neither see the politicke face, (steps
Nor with my refind-Nostrills, cast the Foote-
Of any my Disciples. Sonnes and Heires
As well of my *Designes*, as *Institution*?
I thought they had spread ouer the world by this time,
Couered the Earths face and made darke the Land,
Like the *Egyptian Grashoppers*:
Heer's too much light appeares, shot from the Eyes
Of *Truth* and *Goodnesse* neuer yet deflowr'd,
Sure they were neuer here: then is their *Monarchie*
Vnperfect yet, a iust reward, I see
For their Ingratitude so long to mee
(Their *Father* and their *Founder*)
'Tis not fiue yeares since I was Sainted by 'em,
Where slept mine honour, all the Time before?
Could they be so forgetfull to Cannonze
Their prosperous *Institutor*? when they had Sainted mee
They found no Roome in all their *Kalender*
To place my Name, that should haue remou'd Princes,
Pull'd the most eminent *Prelates* by the Rootes vp
For my deere comming to make way for mee,
Let euery petty *Martyre*, and Saint *Homilie*,
Roch, *Maine*, and *Petronell*, *Itch* and Ague-Curers,

Your Abbeſſe Aldegund and Cunigund,
The widow Alarcell, Parſen Policarpe,
Sicelie, and *Vrſula*, all take place of mee,
And but for the Bis-ſextile, or Leape-yeare,
(And thats but one in three) I fall by chance
Into the Nine and twentieth day of *February*
There were no roome elſe for mee; See their loue,
(Their Conſcience too) to thruſt mee a lame Soldier
Into Leape-yeare, My wrath's vp, and me thinkes
I could, with the firſt Sillable of my Name,
Blow vp their Colledges: vp *Error*, wake
Father of *Supererogation*, Riſe
It is *Ignatius* calls thee *Loyola*.

Er. What haue you done?
Oh I could ſleepe in Ignorance
Immortally, the Slumber is ſo pleaſing
I ſaw the braueſt Setting for a Game now
That euer myne Eie fix'd on.

Ig. What Game pree-thee?

Er. The Nobleſt Game of all: a Game at *Cheſſe*,
Betwixt our ſide and the White-Houſe: the Men ſet,
In their iuſt Order ready to goe to't.

Ig. Were any of my Sonnes plac'd for the Game?

Er. Yes and a Daughter too (a Secular Daughter)
That playes the Blacke Queenes Pawne,
He the Blacke Biſhops.

Ig. If euer Powre could ſhew a Maiſtery in thee
Let it appeare in this.

Er. 'Tis but a Dreame,
A Viſion, you muſt thinke.

Ig. I care not what,
So I could behold the Children of my Cunning.—*Muſick.*
And ſee what ranke they keepe.

Enter

Enter ſeuerally in order of Game, the White and Blacke-Houſes.

Er. You haue your wiſh,
Behold, there's the full number of the Game,
Kings & their *Pawnes*, *Queenes*, *Biſhops*, *Knights* and *Dukes*
Ig. Dukes? they are call'd Rookes by ſome.
Er. Corruptedly.
Le Roc the word Cuſtode *de la-Roche*
The Keeper of the Forts, in whom both Kings
Repoſe much confidence: And for their truſt-ſake,
Courage and worth, doe well deſerue thoſe titles.
Ig. The Anſwer's high: I ſee my Son and Daughters.
Er. Thoſe are two Pawnes,
The Black Queenes and the Biſhops.
Ig. Pawnes argue but poore Spirits & ſlight preferments,
Nor worthy of the name of my Diſciples,
If I had ſtood ſo nigh, I would haue cut
That Biſhops throat, but Ill'd haue had his place,
And told the Queene a Loue-tale in her eare,
Would make her beſt Pulſe daunce: ther's no Elixar
Of Braine or Spirit amongſt 'em.
Er. Why? would you haue them play againſt themſelues,
That's quight againſt the Rule of Game (*Ignatius.*)
Ig. Piſh, I would rule my ſelfe: not obſerue Rule.
Er. Why then you'l'd play a Game, all by your ſelfe?
Ig. I would doe any thing to rule alone,
Tis rare to haue the world reign'd in by me.
Er. See 'em anon, and marke 'em in their Play,
Obſerue (as in a Daunce) they glide away.
Ig. Oh with what longings will this breaſt, be toſt
Vntill I ſee this great Game, wonne and loſt?

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus Primus

Scena Prima.

Enter seuerally, White Queenes Pawne, and Blacke-Queenes Pawne.

Bl. Q. P. I Nere see that face but my pitty rises
When I behold so cleere a Master peece,
Of heau's Art, wrought out of dust & ashes,
And at next thought to giue her lost eternaly
(In being not ours, but the *Daughter of Heresie*,
My Soule bleeds at mine Eies:
Wh. Q. P. Where should *Truth* speake
If not in such a sorrow? they are teares plainely,
Be shrew mee if she wept not hartily;
What is my peace to her, to take such paines in't?
If I wander to losse, and with broad Eies?
Yet misse the path; shee can run blind-fold in
(Through often exercise) why should my ouer-sight
Though in the best *Game*, that ere Christian lost
Raise the least Spring of pitty in her Eies?
Tis (Doubtles) a great Charity and no vertue
Could win mee sutter.
Bl. Q. P. Blessed things prenaile with't,
If euer goodnes made a gracious promise,
It is in yonder looke: what little paines,
Would build a fort for *Vertue* to all Memorie,
In that sweet Creature; were the Ground-worke firme?
Wh. Q. P. It hath ben all my glory to be firme,
In what I haue profest'd.
Bl. Q. P. That is the enimy,

that

That ſteales your ſtrength away, and fights againſt you,
This Armes your Soule, euen in the heate of Battaile,
Your firmnes that way maks you more infirme,
For the right Chriſtian Conflict there I ſpide
A zealous primatiue Sparcle, but now flew
From your deuoted Eye, able to blow vp all Hereſies
That euer ſate in Counſell with your Spirit, *Enter Bl.*
And here comes he, whoſe ſanctimonious breath *Bs. Pa.*
Will make that Sparke a Flame; Liſt to him (Virgin)
At whoſe firſt entrance, Princes will fall proſtrate.
Women are weaker veſſells,
Wh. Q. P. By my penitence
A comely preſentation; and the habit
To Admiration, reuerend.
Bl. Q. P. But the heart (Lady)
So meeke, that as you ſee good Charity pictur'd ſtill
With young-ones in her Armes, ſo will he cheriſh
All his young-tractable, ſweete obedient Daughters
Euen in his boſome: (in his owne deare boſome)
I am my ſelfe a Seculer Ieſuite
As many Ladies are of wealth, and greatneſſe;
A ſecond ſort, are Ieſuites, in *voto*
Giuing their vow, into their Father-Generall
(Thats the *Black Biſhop* of our Houſe, whoſe Pawne
This Gentleman now ſtands for)
To receiue the Colledge-habit, at his holy pleaſure.
Wh. Q. P. But how are thoſe in *voto*, imployd (Lady)
Till they receiue the habite?
Bl. Q. P. They are not idle;
He finds them all true Labourers in the worke
Of the Vniuerſall Monarchie; which he
And his Diſciples principally aime at:
Thoſe are maintaind in many Courts, and Pallaces,
And are induc'd by'th Noble Perſonages,
Into Great Princes ſeruices; and proue
Some Councellors of State, ſome Secretaries;

All ſeruing in Notes of Intelligence,
(As Pariſh Clarkes, their Mortuary Bills)
To'th Father-generall; So are Deſignes
Oft times preuented, and importune ſecrets
Of States diſcouered; yet no Author found,
But they ſuſpected oft, that are moſt ſound,
This myſterie is too deepe yet, for your entrance,
And I offend to ſet your zeale ſo backe;
Ceeck'd by obedience, with deſire to haſten
Your Progreſſe to perfection, I commit you
To the great workers hands; to whoſe graue worth
I fit my Reuerence, as to you, my wiſhes.

Bl. Bs P. How you finde her ſupple?

Bl. Q P. There is a little paſſage. —— *Exit.*

Bl. Bs P. Let me contemplate
With holy wonder, ſeaſon my acceſſe,
And by degrees, approach the Sanctuary
Of vnmatch'd Beauty, ſet in Grace, and Goodneſſe
Amongſt the Daughters of Men, I haue not found
A more Catholicall Aſpect: That Eie
Doth promiſe ſingle life, and meeke obedience,
Vpon thoſe Lipes (the ſweete freſh buds of youth)
The holy dewe of Prayer, lyes like Pearle
(Dropt from the opening Eye-lids of the Morne
Vpon the baſhfull Roſe) how beautiouſly
A gentle Faſt (not rigorouſly impoſ'd)
Would looke vpon that cheeke? and how delightfully
The curteous Phinicke of a tender Penance
Whoſe vtmoſt cruelty, ſhould not exceed
The firſt feare of a Bride, to beate downe frailetie,
Would work, to ſound health your long feſterd iudgmẽt.
And make your merit (which through erring-Ignorance
Appeares but ſpotted Righteouſneſſe to me)
Farre clearer then the Innocence of Infants?

Wh. Q P. To that good worke I bow and will become
Obedience humbleſt Daughter, ſince I finde

Th'aſ-

Th'aſsiſtance of a Sacred ſtrength, to aide me,
The labour is as eaſie to ſerue, Vertue
The right way, ſince, 'tis ſhe, I euer ſerued
In my Deſire, though I tranſgreſſd in Iudgement.
Bl.Bs.P. Thats eaſily abſolu'd amongſt the reſt:
You ſhall not finde the Vertue, that you ſerue now
A ſharpe, and cruell Miſtris: her Eare's open
To all your Supplications: you may boldly
And ſafely, let in the moſt ſecret ſinne
Into her Knowledge; which (like vaniſht Mag)
Neuer returnes into the world agen.
Fate locks not vp more trulyer.
Wh.L.P. To the guilty
That may appeare ſome benefit.
Bl.Bs.paw. Who's ſo innocent
That neuer ſtands in need ont, in ſome kinde?
If euery thought were blab'd thats ſo confeſſ'd,
The very Aire we breath, would be vnbleſſ'd:
Now, to the worke indeed: which is to catch
Her Inclination: that's the ſpeciall vſe
We make of all our practiſe, in all Kingdomes,
For, by diſcloſing their moſt ſecret Frailties,
Thinges, which once ours; they muſt not hide from vs,
That's the firſt Article in the Creed we teach 'em;
Finding to what point their blood moſt inclines,
Know beſt to apt them, then to our Deſignes:
Daughter; the ſooner you diſperſe your Errours,
The ſooner you make haſte to your Recouery,
You muſt part with 'em: to be nice, or modeſt
Towards this good Action, is to imitate
The baſhfulneſſe of one conceales an vlcer,
For the vncomely parts the Tumor vexes
Till't be paſt cure: Reſolue you thus farre (Ladie)
The priuat'ſt Thought, that runs to hide it ſelfe
In the moſt ſecret Corner of your heart,
Now muſt be of my acquaintance, ſo familiarly

Neuer She-Frend of your Night Counſels nearer.
Wh. Q. P. I ſtand not much in feare of any Action
Guilty of that blacke Time (moſt Noble Holineſſe)
I muſt confeſſe, as in a Sacred Temple
Throng'd with an Auditory, ſome come rather
To feede on humaine Obiect, then to taſt (thoughts
Of Angels foode; So, in the Congregation of quicke
(Which are more infinite then ſuch Aſſemblies)
I cannot (with Truths ſafety) ſpeake for all:
Some haue bin wanderers, ſome ſound, ſome ſinfull,
But thoſe found euer but poore entertainement,
They had ſmall encouragement to come againe;
The ſingle life, which ſtrongly I profeſſe now,
(Heauen pardon me) I was about to part from.
Bl. Bs. P. Then you haue paſſ'd through Loue?
Wh. Q. P. But left no ſtaine
In all my paſſage (Sir) no print of wrong.
For the moſt chaſt Maid, that may trace my Foote-ſteps.
Bl. Bs. P. How came you of ſo cleere?
Wh. Q. P. I was diſcharg'd
By an inhur[illegible] accident (which Modeſtie
Forbids r[illegible] to put any Language to)
Bl. Bs. P. How you forget your ſelfe: All Actions
Cal'd in their proper Language, though moſt ſordid,
My Eare is bound, by dutie, to let in
And locke vp euerlaſtingly. Shall I helpe you?
He was not found to anſwer his Creation?
A Veſtall Virgin, in a ſlip of grace
Could not deliuer Mans loſſe modeſtlier;
'Twas the *White Biſhops Pawne.*
Wh. Q. P. The ſame (bleſſ'd Sir)
Bl. Bs. P. An Heretique well pickll'd.
Wh. Q. P. By baſe Treachery,
And violence, prepard by his Competitors,
(The *Blacke Knights Pawne* whom I ſhall euer hate for't.
Bl. Bs. P. 'Twas of Reuenges, the vnmanlieſt way

That

That euer Riuall tooke: a villany,
That for your ſake Ile nere abſolue him of.
Wh.Q.P. I wiſh it not ſo heauy.
Bl.Q.P. Hee muſt feele it.
I neuer yet gaue Abſolution
To any crime of that vnmanning nature.
It ſeemes then, you refus'd him for defect?
Therein you ſtand not pure from the deſire
That other women haue, in ends of Marriage?
Pardon my boldneſſe, if I ſift your goodneſſe
To the laſt graine.
Wh.Q.P. I reuerence your paines (Sir)
And muſt acknowledge Cuſtome to enioy
What other women challenge, and poſſeſſe,
More rull'd me, then deſire: for my deſires
Dwell all in ignorance, and Ile neuer wiſh
To know that fond way may redeeme 'em thence.
Bl.B.P. I neuer was ſo taken; beſet doubly
Now with her Iudgement, what a ſtrength it puts forth,
I bring worke neerer to you; when you haue ſeene
A Maſter-piece of Man, compos'd by Heauen,
For a great Princes fauour, Kingdomes loue,
So exact, Enuy could not find a place
To ſticke a blot on Perſon, or on Fame.
Haue you not found Ambition ſwell your wiſh then,
And Deſire ſtirre your blood?
Wh.Q.P. By vertue, neuer:
I haue onely in the dignitie of the Creature,
Admir'd the Makers glory.
Bl.B.P. Shee's impregnable;
A ſecond ſiege, muſt not fall off ſo tamely:
Shee's one of thoſe muſt be inform'd to know
A Daughters duetie, which ſome take vntaught:
Her modeſtie brings her behind-hand much:
My old meanes I muſt fly to: (yes 'tis it)
Pleaſe you peruſe this ſmall Tract of Obedience?

Twill helpe you forward well. *Enter Wh. Bish. Paw.*

Wh. Q. P. Sir, that's a vertue
I haue euer thought on with a speciall reuerence.

Bl. B. pa. You wil conceiue by that my powre, your duty.

Wh. Q. P. The knowledge will be precious of both, sir.

Wh. B. P. What makes yon troubler of all Christian wa-
So neere that blessed spring? But that I know (ters
Her Goodnesse is the Rocke from whence it issues,
Vnmoueable as Fate; 'twould more afflict me
Then all my sufferings for her, which so long
As shee holds constant to the house she comes of,
The whitenesse of the cause: the side, the qualitie
Are sacrifices to her worth and vertue;
And though confin'd in my Religious loyes,
Il'd marry her, and possesse her. *Enter Bl. Kni. pawne.*

Bl B. P. Behold, Lady,
The two inhumaine Enemies: *Blacke Knights pawne,*
And the *White Bishops*, the Guelder, and the Guelded.

Wh. Q. P. Theres my griefe, my hate.

Bl. Kni. pa. What in the Iesuits fingers? By this hand
Ile giue my part now for a Parrots feather:
Shee neuer returnes vertuous: 'tis impossible.
Ile vndertake more wagers will be layd
Vpon a Vsurers returne from Hell,
Then vpon hers from him now. I haue been guiltie
Of such base malice, that my very Conscience
Shakes at the memory of, and when I looke
To gather fruit, find nothing but the Sauin tree,
Too frequent in Nuns Orchards, and there planted
(By all coniecture) to destroy fruit rather.
I will be resolu'd now: Most noble Virgin.

Wh. Q. P. Ignoble villaine, dare that vnhallowed tongue
Lay hold vpon a sound so gracious?
What's Nobleneſſe to thee? or Virgin Chastitie?
They are out of thy acquaintance: talke of violence
That shames Creation: deeds would make night blush:

Thats

That's company for thee: haſt thou the impudence
To court me with a Leproſie vpon thee,
Able to infect the walls of a great building.
Bl.B.pa Son of offence, forbeare; go ſet your euill
before your eyes: a penitentiall Veſture
Would better become you: ſome ſhirt of haire.
Bl.K.pa. And you a three pound ſmock, ſtead of an Albe,
And Epiceane-Caſible: This holy Fellon,
Robs ſafe and cloſe. I feele a ſting thats worſe too;
(White Pawne) haſt ſo much Charitie to accept
A Reconcilement? Make thine owne conditions,
For I begin to bee extreamely burthened.
Wh.B.P. No truth or peace of that Black-houſe prote-
Is to be truſted. But for hope of Quittance, (ſted,
And warn'd by Diffidence, I may entrap him ſooneſt.
I admit conference. *Enter Blacke Knight.*
Bl Kni.P. It is a nobleneſſe
That makes confuſion cleaue to all my merits.
Bl.Biſh.P. That Treatiſe will inſtruct you throughly.
Bl. Kni. So, ſo,
The buſineſſe of the vniuerſall Monarchie
Goes forward well now: The great Colledge Pot,
That ſhould be alwayes boyling with the fewell
Of all Intelligences poſſible
Through the Chriſtian Kingdomes: Is this fellow
Our prime Incendiary? and one of thoſe
That promiſed the White Kingdome, ſeuen yeares ſince
To our Blacke Houſe? put a new Daughter to him,
The worke ſtands; he minds nor Monarchy, nor Hierarchy,
Diuine principalitie. I haue bragg'd leſſe,
But I haue done more, then all the Conclaue on 'em,
Take their Aſsiſtant Fathers in all parts,
Yea, and their Father generall in (to boot)
And what I haue done, I haue done facetiouſly,
With pleaſant ſubtiltie, and bewitching Courtſhip,
Abus'd all my Beleeuers with delight,

They

They tooke a comfort to be cozen'd by me.
To many a Soule I haue let in mortall poyſon,
Whoſe cheekes haue crackt with laughter to receiue it:
I could ſo rowle my Pills in ſugred ſyllables,
And ſtrew ſuch kindly mirth ore all my miſchiefe,
They tooke their bane, in way of recreation,
As pleaſure ſteales corruption into youth.
He ſpies me now, I muſt vphold his Reuerence,
(Eſpecially in publique) though I know
Priapus Guardian of the Cherry-gardens;
Bacchus, and *Venus-Chitt*, is not more vitious:
Bl. Biſh. P. Bleſsings accumulation keepe with you, ſir.
Bl. Kni. Honours diſsimulation be your due, ſir.
Wh. Q. P. How deepe in dutie his obſeruance plunges?
His charge muſt needs be reuerend.
Bl. Biſh. P. I am Confeſſor
To this Blacke Knight too: you ſee Deuotion's fruitfull,
Sh'ath many ſonnes and daughters.
Bl. Kni. I doe this the more
T'amaze our Aduerſaries, to behold
The reuerence wee giue this Guytinens,
And to beget a ſound opinion
Of holineſſe in them, and zeale in vs.
As alſo to inuite the like obedience
In other Puſills, by our meeke example.
So: is your Trifle vaniſh'd?
Bl. Bi. P. Trifle call you her? 'tis a good Pawne, ſir;
Sure ſhee's the ſecond Pawne in the White Houſe,
And, to the opening of the Game, I hold her.
Bl. K. I, you hold wel for that: I know your play of old;
If there were more Queens Pawnes, you'd ply the Game
A great deale harder. (Now ſir, we are in priuate)
But what for the Maine-worke? the great Exiſtence?
The Hope Monarchall?
Bl Bi. P. It goes on in this.
Bl. Kni. In this? I cannot ſee't.

Bl.Biſh.P. You may deny ſo,
A Dialls motion, 'cauſe you cannot ſee
The hand mooue, or a wind that rends the Cedar.
Bl.Kni. Where ſtops the current of Intelligence?
Your Father-generall, (Biſhop o'th Black Houſe,
Complaines for want of worke.
Bl.B.P. Heer's from all parts:
Sufficient to employ him; I receiu'd
A packet from the aſsiſtant Fathers lately:
Looke, there's *Anglica*; this *Gelica*.
Bl.Kni. I marry (ſir) there's ſome quicke fleſh in this.
Bl.Biſh.P. Germanica.
Bl.Kni. I thinke they haue ſeal'd this with Butter.
Bl.B.P. This *Italica*.
Bl.Kni. They haue put their pens the Hebrew way (me thinks.)
Bl.Biſh.P. *Hiſpanica* heere.
Bl.Kni. *Hiſpanica*? Blind worke 'tis;
The Ieſuit hath writ this with the Iuice of Lemmons ſure;
It muſt be held cloſe to the fire of Purgatory,
Ere it can be read.
Bl.Bi.P. You would not looſe your jeſt, Knight,
Though it wounded your owne name,
Bl.Kni. *Curanda pecunia.* (pawne.
Bl.B.P. Take heed, ſir, we are intrapt: the *White Kings*
Bl.Kn. Hee's made our owne (man) halfe in *voto* yours;
His heart's in the Blacke Houſe: leaue him to me:
Moſt of all friends endeer'd: preciouſly ſpeciall? (Kni.
Wh.Kin.P. You ſee my outſide, but you know my heart,
Great difference in the colour, ther's ſome Intelligence,
And, as more ripens, ſo your knowledge ſtill
Shall proue the richer; there ſhall nothing happen,
Beleeue it, to extenuate your cauſe,
Or to oppreſſe her Friends, but I will ſtriue
To croſſe it with my Councell, purſe, and power;
Keepe all ſupplies backe, both in meanes and men,
That may raiſe ſtrength 'gainſt you: we muſt part,

I dare no longer of this Theame discusse,
The Eare of State is quicke and iealious. *Exit.*

Bl. Kni. Excellent Estimation, thou art valued
Aboue the Fleet of Gold (that came short home.)
Poore Iesuite-ridden-soule, how art thou fool'd
Out of thy Faith? from thy allegeance drawne:
Which way soere thou tak'st, th'art a lost Pawne.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus,

Scena prima.

Enter White Queenes Pawne, reading.

Wh. Q. P. And here agen; it is the Daughters dutie,
To obey her Confessors command in all things,
Without exception, or Expostulation.
Tis the most generall rule that ere I read of:
Yet when I thinke how boundlesse Vertue is,
Goodnesse and grace, 'tis lately reconcil'd:
And then it appeares well to haue the power *Enter Bl. Bish. Pa.*
Of the dispensor, as vncircumscrib'd.

Bl. B. P. She's hard vpon't; 'twas the most modest key
That I could vse to open my intents:
What little or no paines goes to some people?
Hah? a seal'd Note? Whence this?
To the Blacke Bishops Pawne these: how to me?
Pawne sufficiently holy, but vnmeasurably politike, We had late Intelligence from our most Industrious Seruant, (famous in all parts of Europe) our Knight of the black House, that you haue at this instant in chase, the White Queenes Pawne, and very likely (by the carriage of your Game)

to

to entrap and take her. These are therefore to require you (by the burning affection I beare to the Rape of Deuotion) that speedily, vpon the surprisall of her, by all watchfull aduantage, you make some attempt vpon the VVhite Queenes person, whose fall or prostitution, our lust most violently rages for.

Sir, after my Desire hath tooke a Iulip,
For its owne inflammation (that yet scorches me)
I shall haue cooler time to thinke of yours.
Sh'ath past the generall rule, the large extent
Of our Prescriptions for obedience;
And yet with that alacritie of soule,
Her eyes moue on the letters?

Wh. Qu. P. (Holy Sir)
Too long I haue miss'd you; oh your absence starues me;
Hasten for times redemption (worthy sir)
Lay your Commands as thicke and fast vpon me
As you can speake 'em; how I thirst to heare 'em:
Set me to worke vpon this spacious Vertue,
Which the poore span of life's too narrow for,
Boundlesse Obedience;
The humblest, yet the mightiest of all duties.
Well, here I set downe a vniuersall goodnesse.

Bl. B. P. By holinesse of garment, her safe Innocence
Hath frighted the full meaning from it selfe;
Shee's further off from vnderstanding now
The language of my intent, then at first meeting.

Wh. Q. P. For vertues sake, good sir, command me some-
Make triall of my duty in some small seruice, (thing,
And as you find the faith of my obedience there,
Then trust it with a greater.

Bl. Bish. Pa. You speake sweetly:
I doe commaund you first then.

Wh. Qu. P. With what ioy,
I doe prepare my dutie.

Bl. Bish. P. To meet me,

And ſeale a kiſſe of loue vpon my lips.
Wh.Q.P. Hah?
Bl.Biſh.P. At firſt diſobedient? and ſo little too?
How ſhall I truſt you with a greater then?
Which was your owne requeſt?
Wh.Q.P. Pray ſend not backe
Mine Innocence to wound me: be more courteous.
I muſt confeſſe moſt like an ignorant Plaintife, who
Preſuming on the faire path of his meaning,
Goes raſhly on, till on a ſudden brought,
Into the wilderneſſe of Law, by words
Drop'd vnaduiſedly, hurts his good cauſe,
And giues his Aduerſary aduantage by't.
Apply it, you can beſt (ſir) if my obedience,
And your command, can find no better way,
Fond men command, and wantons beſt obey.
Bl.B.P. If I can at that diſtance ſend you a bleſsing,
Is it not neerer to you in mine armes?
It flies from theſe lips, dealt abroad in parcels;
And I to honour thee aboue all daughters,
Inuite thee home toth'houſe, where thou mayſt ſurfet
On that which others miſerably pine for.
A fauour which the daughters of great Potentates
Would looke of Enuies colour but to heare.
Wh.Q.P. Good men may erre ſomtimes, you are miſta-
If this be vertues path, tis a moſt ſtrange one. (ken ſure.
I neuer came this way before.
Bl.Biſh.P. Thats your ignorance;
And therefore ſhall that Idiot ſtill conduct you,
That knowes no way but one, nor euer ſeekes it?
If there be twentie wayes to ſome poore Village,
Tis ſtrange that Vertue ſhould be put to one.
Your feare is wondrous faultie; caſt it from you,
Twill gather elſe in time, a diſobedience
Too ſtubburne for my pardon.
Wh.Q.P. Haue I lock'd my ſelfe

At vnawares into ſinns ſeruitude
With more deſire of goodneſſe ? Is this the Top
Of all ſtrict Order ? and the holieſt
Of all Societies ? the three vow'd People,
For Pouertie, Obedience, Chaſtity ?
The laſt the moſt forgot ? when a Virgin's ruyn'd,
I ſee the great worke of obedience
Is better then halfe finiſh'd.
Bl.Bs.P. What a Stranger
Are you to dutie growne ? what diſtance keepe you ?
Muſt I bid you come forward to a happineſſe,
Your ſelfe ſhould ſue for ? twas neuer ſo with mee :
I dare not let this ſtubborneſſe be knowne,
T'would bring ſuch fierce hate on you, yet preſume not
To make that curteous care a priuiledge ?
For wilfull diſſobedience : it turnes then
Into the blackneſſe of a curſe vpon you,
Come, come, be nearer.
Wh.Q.P. Nearer ?
Bl.Bs.P. Was that Scorne ?
I would not haue it proue ſo, for the hopes
Of the Grand-Monarchie : if it were like it,
Let it not dare to ſpread abroad agen :
A ſtronger Ill will coape with't.
Wh.Q.P. Bleſſe me, threatens me,
And quite diſmaies the good ſtrength that ſhould helpe me,
I was neuer ſo doubtfull of my ſafety.
Bl.Bs.P. T'was but my Iealouſie :
Forgiue me (Sweetneſſe)
Yon'd is the Houſe of Meekeneſſe, and no venom liues
Vnder that Roofe : Be nearer : why ſo fearefull ?
Nearer the Altar the more ſafe, and ſacred.
Wh.Q.P. But nearer to the Officer, oft more wicked.
Bl.Bs.P. A plaine and moſt inſufferable contempt :
My glory I haue loſt vpon this woman :
In freely offering that, ſhe ſhould haue kneel'd

A yeare in vaine for: my reſpect is darkned
Giue me my Reuerence againe thou haſt rob'd me of
In the repulſe: thou ſhalt not carry't hence.
Wh. Q. P. Sir:
Bl. biſh. paw. Thou art too great a winner, to depart:
And I too great a looſer, to giue way to't.
Wh. Q. P. Oh Heauen!
Bl. Bs. paw. Lay me downe Reputation,
Before thou ſtirſt; thy nice Virginity
Is recompence too little for my loue:
'Tis well, if I accept of that, for both:
Thy loſſe is but thine owne, thers Art to helpe thee,
And Fooles, to paſſe thee too: In my Diſcouery
The whole Society ſuffers; and in that
The hope of abſolute Monarchie ecclipſ'd:
Aſſurance thou canſt make me none for thy ſecrecie
But thine Honors loſſe, that Act muſt arme thee.
Wh. Q. P. Oh my diſtreſſed condition.
Bl. Bs. paw. Doſt weepe?
If thou hadſt any pitty, this neceſsity,
Would wring it from thee; I muſt elſe deſtroy thee.
We muſt not truſt the policie of *Europe*
Vpon a womans tongue.
Wh. Q. paw. Then take my life (Sir)
And leaue mine honour, for my guide to heauen.
Bl. biſh. paw. Take heede I take not both: which I haue vow'd
If longer thou reiect me.
Wh. Q. P. Helpe: oh helpe. *Noiſe within.*
Bl. biſh. paw. Art thou ſo cruell, for an honors bubble
T'vndoe a whole Fraternitie? and diſperce
The ſecrets of moſt Princes lock'd in vs.
Wh. Q. P. For Heauen and Vertues ſake.
Bl. biſh. paw. Muſt force confound noiſe?
Hah? what's that? ſilence; if faire worth be in thee.
Wh. Q. P. Ile venture my eſcape vpon all dangers now.
Bl. Bs. paw. Who comes to take Me?

Let

Let me see the *Pawnes* face,
Or his proud Timpanous Master swel'd with State-wind,
Which being once prickt i'th *Connocation-House*,
The corrupt Ayre, puffes out, and he falls shriuel'd.
Wh. Q. P. I will discouer thee, (Arch-Hypocrite)
To all the Kindreds of the Earth. *Exit.*— *Noyse within.*
Bl. bish. P. Confusion
In that voice rings th'Alarum of my vndoing. *Enter Bl. Queenes P.*
How? which way scap'd she from me?
Bl. Q. P. Are you mad?
Can lust infatuate a man so hopefull,
No patience in your blood? the Dog-Star raignes sure,
Time and faire-Temper, would haue wrought her pleasãt,
I spi'd a *Pawne* o'th *White-House*, walke neere vs,
And made that noise on purpose to giue warning:
(For mine owne turne, which end, in all I worke for.)
Bl. bish. P. Me thinks I stand ouer a Powder vault,
And the Match now a kindling: whats to be done? (*Pawne*
Bl. Q. P. Aske the Blacke Bishops counsell: y'ar his
'Tis his owne case, he will defend you mainely.
And (happely here he comes with the Black-Knight to;
Enter Black bish: & Bl. Kni.
Bl. bish. Oh you haue made noble work for the *Wh. house*
This Act will fill the Aduersaries mouth, (yonder,
And blow the *Lutherans* cheeks, till they cracke againe.
Bl. Kni. This will aduance the great Monarchall busines
In all parts well, and helpe the Agents forward:
What I in seauen yeare labour'd to accompliish,
One minute sets back, by some Cod-peice Colledge stil.
Bl. bish P. I dwell not (Sir) alone in this default,
The *blacke-House* yeelds me Partners.
Bl. bish. All more cautulous.
Bl. Kni Qui Caute, Caste; that's my *Motto* euer:
I haue trauel'd with that word, ouer most Kingdomes,
And laine safe, with all Nations, of a leaking bottome,
I haue bin as often tost on *Venus* Seas
As trimmer, fresher Vessels: when sounder Barkes

Haue

Haue laine at Anchor. (that is kept the dore)
Bl. bish. She hath no witneſſe then?
Bl. bish. paw. None, none.
Bl. Kni. Groſſe witneſſe?
When went a man of his Society
To miſchiefe with a witneſſe?
Bl. bish. I haue don't then,
Away vpon the wings of ſpeede: take poſt-horſe,
Caſt thirty Leagues of earth behind thee ſodainely;
Leaue Letters (Ante-dated) with our Houſe,
Ten daies at leaſt from this.
Bl. Kni. (Biſhop) I taſte thee
Good ſtrong Epiſcopall-Counſell: take a Bottle on't
'Twill ſerue thee all thy Iourney.
Bl. bish. paw. But good (Sir)
How for my getting forth vn-ſpide?
Bl. Kin. Ther's Checke agen.
Bl. Q.P. No Ile helpe that.
Bl. Kni. Well ſaide (my bouncing Ieſuiteſſe)
Bl. Q.P. There lies a ſecret vault.
Bl. Kni. Away: make haſt then.
Bl. Bs.P. Run for my Cabinet of Intelligencies,
For feare they ſearch the Houſe,
Good Biſhop burne 'em rather;
I cannot ſtand to pick 'em now.
Bl. bish. Begone:
The danger's all in you.
Bl. Kni. Let mee ſee (*Queenes Pawne*)
How formally he hath pack'd vp his Intelligences
He hath laid them all in Truckle-beds (mee thinkes)
And (like Court-Harbingers) he hath writ their Names
In Chalke, vpon their Chambers; *Anglica*,
Oh, this is the Engliſh Houſe: what newes there trow?
Hah, by this light; moſt of theſe are bawdy Epiſtles:
'Time they were burn'd indeed, whole bundles of them,
Heer's from his Daughter *Blanch* & Daughter *Bridget*,

from

From their safe Sanctuary, in the *White-Fryers*;
These from two tender Sisters of compassion
In the Bowels of *Bloomes.bury*;
These from the Nunnery in *Drury-Lane*,
A fire, a fire, (good Iesuitesse) a fire:
What haue you there?
Bl.Bs. A Note (Sir) of State-Policie,
And one exceeding safe one.
Bl.Kni. Pray lets see it (Sir)
To sell away all the Powder in a Kingdome,
To preuent blowing vp: (thats safe Ile able it)
Heers a facetious obseruation now,
And fits my humour better; he writes here
Some wiues in *England* will commit Adultery,
And then send to *Rome*, for a Bull for their Husbands;
Bl.B. Haue they those shifts?
Bl. Kni. Oh ther's no Femall breathing
Sweeter and subtler: here (wench) take these papers,
Scorch 'em mesoundly; burne 'em to French-russet,
And put 'em in againe.
Bl. bish. Why? whats your mistery?
Bl.Kni. (Oh Sir) twill mocke the Aduersary strangely
If ere the House be search'd, twas done in *Venice*
Vpon the Iesuiticall Expulse there,
When the Inquisitors came spectacl'd
To picke out Sillables out o'th doong of Treason,
(As Children picke out Chery-stones) yet found none
But what they made themselues, with ends of letters.
Doe as I bid you (*Pawne*) *Exit.*
Bl.Q P. Feare not: in all
I loue Roguery too well, to let it fall: *Enter Blacke*
How now, what newes with you? *Knights paw.*
Bl.Kni.P. The sting of Conscience
Alflicts me so; for that inhumane violence
On the *white Bishops pawne*, it takes away
My ioy, my rest.

Bl.B.P. This tis to make and Euenuch,
You made a ſport on't then.
B.Kn.P. Ceaſe agrauation,
I come to be abſolu'd for't: where's my Confeſſor.
Why doſt thou point to'th ground?
Bl.Q.P. 'Cauſe he went that way.
Bl.K.P. What's that?
Bl.Q.P. Come helpe me with this Cabbinet,
And after I haue ſing'd theſe papers throughly
Ile tell thee a ſtrange ſtory-
Bl.K.P. If't be ſad,
'Tis wellcome.
Bl.K.P. 'Tis not troubled with much mirth (Sir)

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Fat Biſhop and his Pawne.

Fat Biſh. Pawne.
Pawne. I attend at your great Holineſſe ſeruice,
Fat Biſh. For great I grant you; but for greatly holy
There the Soule alters: Fat Cathedrall bodies
Haue very often but leane little Soules,
Much like the Ladie, in the Lobſters-head
A great deale of ſhell, and garbage of all colours.
But the pure part, that ſhould take wings and mount,
Is at laſt gaſpe as if a man ſhould gape,
And from his hugh bulke, let forth a butter-flye
Like thoſe big bellied Mountaines, which the Poet
Deliuers, that are brought to bed with Mouſe-fleſh,
Are my Books printed (*Pawne*) my laſt *Inuectiue*
Againſt the Black-Houſe?
Paw. Ready for *publication*,
For I ſaw perfect Bookes this morning (Sir)
Fat Biſh Fetch me a few: which I will inſtantly
Diſtribute amongſt the White-Houſe
Paw. With all ſpeede Sir.

Fat Biſh.

Fat.bish Tis a most Lordly life, to raile at ease:
Sit eate and Feede vpon the Fat of one Kingdome,
And raile vpon another, with the Iuice on't.
I haue writ this Booke out of the strength and marrow
Of sixe and thirty dishes at a meale.
But most on't, out of Cullis of Cock Sparrowes,
Twill sticke and glew the faster to the Aduersary:
Twill slit the throat of their most calmish Cause,
And yet I eat but little Butchers meate
In the conception.
Of all things I commend the White-House best
For plentie and variety of Victualls;
When I was one of the Blacke Side profes'd
My flesh fell halfe a Cubit: time to turne,
When mine owne ribbes reuolted; but to say true,
I haue no preferment yet thats suteable
To the greatnes of my Person and my Parts;
I grant I liue at ease for I am made
The Master of the Beds (the long acre of Beds)
But thers no Marigolds that shuts and opens:
Flowre-gentles, Venus Bath, Aples of Loue,
Pincks, Hiacinths, Honey-suckles Daffadowne-dillies,
Therh was a time, I had more such Drabs then Beds,
Now I haue more beds then drabs,
Yet ther's no eminent Trader, dales in whole sale,
But she and I haue clapt a bargaine vp *Ent. Bl. Bish &*
Let in at Water gate for which I haue rack'd *Bl. Knight.*
My Tenants purse strings, that they haue twang'd agen.
Yonder Blacke Knight, the Fistula of *Europe*,
Whose disease once I vndertooke to cure,
With a High Holbourne-Halter) when he last
Vouchsaf'd to peepe into my priuiledged lodgings:
He saw good store of Plate there, and rich hangings:
He knew I brought none to the White House with me,
I haue not lost the vse of my Profession
Since I turn'd White-House Bishop.

Bl. Kni. Looke more Bookes yet,
Yond greazie Turne-coate, Gurmandizing Prelate,
Doth worke our Houſe more miſchiefe by his Scripts,
His fat and fulſome Volumes, then the whole
Bodie of the Aduerſe Partie.
Bl. B. Oh twere
A Maſter peece of Serpent Subtiltie
To fetch him 'othis ſide agen.
Bl. Kni. And then dambne him
Into the Bag for euer: or expoſe him
Againſt the Aduerſe part, which now he feeds vpon;
And that would double dambne him: My reuenge
Hath prompted me already? Ile confound him,
On both ſides, for the Phiſicke he prouided,
And the baſe Surgion he inuented for me:
Ile tell thee what a moſt vncatholike Ieſt
He put vpon me once, when my paine tortur'd mee,
He told me he had found a preſent cure for me,
(Which I grew proud on, and obſerud him ſeriouſly:)
What thinke you twas? being Execution day,
He ſhow'd the Hangman to me, out at window,
(The common Hang-man)
Bl. B. Oh inſufferable!
Bl. Kni. Ile make him the Balloon-Ball of the Churches,
And both the ſides ſhall toſſe him (he lookes like one)
A thing ſwell'd vp with mingled drinke, and *Vryne*,
And will bound well from one Side to another.
Come you ſhall write: Our ſecond Biſhop abſent
(Which hath yet no imployment in the Game
Perhaps, nor euer ſhall, it may be won
Without his Motion, it reſts moſt in our's)
He ſhall be flatterd with *Sede vacante*,
Make him beleeue he comes into his place,
And that will fetch him with a vengeance to vs;
For I know Powder is not more Ambitious
When the Match meetes it, then his mind, for mounting,

As couetous and leacherous —
Bl. Biſh. No more now, ſir,
Both the ſides fill.
Enter Kin. Qu. Kni. Duke, Biſhops of both ſides, and Pawnes.
Wh. King. This hath been look'd for long.
Fat Biſh. The ſtronger ſting it ſhoots into the blood
Of the blacke Aduerſary: I am aſhamed now
I was Theirs euer: what a lumpe was I,
When I was led in Ignorance and boldneſſe.
I haue all my life time playd the foole till now,
Bl. Kn. And now he plaies two parts, the foole & knaue.
Fat Biſh. There is my Recantation, in the laſt leafe,
Writ like a *Ciceronian*, in pure Latine.
Wh. P. Pure Honeſtie: the plainer Latine ſerues then.
Bl. Kni. Plague on thoſe peſtilent Pamphlets, thoſe are
That wound our cauſe toth heart. (they,
Bl. Biſh. Here comes more anger. *Enter Wh. Qu. P.*
Bl. Kn. But we come well prouided for this ſtorme.
Wh. Q. Is this my Pawne, ſhee that ſhould guard our
Or ſome pale figure of deiection, (perſon?
Her ſhape vſurping? Sorrow and affrightment,
Hath preuaild ſtrangely with her.
Wh. Q P. King of Integritie,
Queene of the ſame, and all the Houſe, Profeſſors
Of noble Candor, vncorrupted Iuſtice,
And truth of heart, through my alone Diſcouery,
My life and honour wonderouſly preſerud,
I bring into your knowledge, with my ſufferings,
Fearefull affrightments, and heart-killing terrour,
The great Incendiary of Chriſtendome,
The abſolut'ſt abuſer of true ſanctitie,
Faire Peace, and holy Order, can be found
In any part oth vniuerſall Globe;
Who making meeke Deuotion keepe the doore,
His lips being full of holy Zeale at firſt,

Would haue committed a fould rape vpon me.
Wh Qu Ha?
Wh. K. A Rape, that's foule indeed: the very ſound
To our Eare fowler then the offence it ſelfe
To ſome Kings of the earth.
Wh. Qu. P. (Sir) to proceed,
Gladly I offer'd life to preſerue Honour,
Which would not bee accepted without both,
(The chiefe of his ill ayme, being at mine honour)
Till Heauen was pleaſd, by ſome vnlook'd for accident,
To giue mee courage to redeeme my ſelfe.
W. K. When we find deſperat ſins in ill mens companies,
Wee place a charitable ſorrow there:
But Cuſtome and their leprous Inclination
Quits vs of wounds; for our expectation
Is anſwer'd in their liues; but to find ſinne,
(Yea and a Maſter-peece of darkneſſe) ſhelter'd
Vnder a Robe of Sanctitie, is able
To draw all wonder to that Monſter onely,
And leaue created Monſters vnadmir'd.
The pride of him that tooke firſt fall for pride,
Is to bee Angell-ſhap'd, and imitate
The forme from whence hee fell.
But this offender, (farre baſer then ſinnes Maſter)
Fix'd by vow to holy Order (which is Angels method)
Takes pride to vſe that ſhape, to be a Deuill;
It grieues mee that my knowledge muſt be tainted
With his infected name,
Oh rather with thy finger poynt him out.
W. Q P. The place which he ſhould fill, is void, my Lord
His guilt hath ſeiz'd him: the *Blacke Biſhops Pawne.*
Bl. B ſh Ha? mine? my Pawne? the glory of this Order?
The prime and preſident Zealot of the Earth?
Impudent Pawne, for thy ſake at this minute,
Modeſtie ſuffers: all that's vertuous bluſhes,
And Truthes ſelfe, like the Sunne vex'd with a miſt)

Lookes

Lookes red with Anger.
Wh. Bish. Bee not you drunke with rage too.
Bl Br. P. Sober Sincerities, nor you a Cup
Spic'd with Hypocrisie.
Wh. Kni. You name there (Bishop)
But your own Christmas-Bowle: your mornings draught,
Next your Episcopall heart, all the Twelue-dayes,
Which smacke you cannot leaue all the yeere following.
Bl. Knight. A shrewd retort;
Has made our Bishop smell of burning too.
Would I stood further off: were't no impeachment
To my Honor, & the Game, would they would play faster:
White Knight, there is acknowledged from our House
A Reuerence to you, and a respect
To that lou'd Duke stands next you; with the fauour
Of the White King, and th'aforenamed respected,
I combate with this Cause; if with all speed,
Wast not one sillable (vnfortunate Pawne)
Of what I speake, thou dost not plead Distraction:
A Plea, which will but faintly take thee off neither,
From this Leuiathan-scandall, that lies rolling
Vpon the Christall waters of Deuotion:
Or what may quit thee more, though enough nothing
Fall downe, and foame aud by that pang discouer
The vexing Spirit of falsehood, strong within thee.
Make thy selfe ready for perdition.
There's no roome in all the Game to scape it.
This Pawne, or this, the Bishop, or my selfe
Will take thee in the end: play how thou canst.
Wh. Q P. Spight of sinnes glorious ostentation,
And all lowd threats, those thunder-cracks of Pride,
Vshering a storme of Malice, House of Impudence,
Crafts, and Equinocation, my true Cause,
Shall keepe the path it treads in.
Bl. Kni. I play thus then:
Now in the hearing of this high Assembly,

Bring

Bring forth the time of this attempts conception,
Wh Qu P. Conception? oh how tenderly you handle it.
Wh. Bish. It seemes, black Kni. you are afraid to touch it.
Bl. Kni. Well, it's Eruption; will shee haue it so then?
Or you (White Bishop) for her: the vncleaner,
Vild, and most impious, that you vrge the straine to,
The greater will her shames-heape, shew ith end,
And the wrong'd meeke mans glory: the time (Pawne.)
Wh Qu. P. Yesterday cursed Euening.
Bl. Kni. Oh the Treasure
Of my reuenge, I cannot spend all on thee,
Ruine enough to spare for all thy kindred too.
For honours sake call in more slaunderers,
I haue such plentifull confusion,
I know not how to waste it. Ile be nobler yet,
And put her to her owne house: King of Meeknesse,
Take the cause to thee: for our hands too heauy:
Our proofes will fall vpon her like a Tower,
And grinde her bones to powder.
Wh. Qu. P. What new Engine
Has the Deuill raisd in him now?
Bl. Kni. Is it hee?
And that the time? stand firme: now to your scandall;
Pray doe not shift your slander.
Wh. Qu P. Shift your Treacheries,
They haue worne one suite too long.
Bl Kni. That holy man
So wrongfully accusd by this lost Pawne,
Hath not been seene these ten dayes in these parts.
Wh. Kni How?
Bl. Kni. Nay, at this instant thirty leagues from hence.
Wh. Q P. Faddomlesse falsehood, will it scape vnblasted?
Wh. Kni. Can you make this appeare?
Bl. Kni. Light is not clearer,
By his owne Letters (most impartiall Monarch.)
Wh. Q P. How wrongfully may sacred Vertue suffer, sir?

Bl. Kni.

Bl. Kni. (Bishop) we haue a Treasure of that false heart.
Wh. Kni Step forth and reach those proofes.
Wh, Q. P. Amazement couers me
Can I be so forsaken of a Cause
So wrong in Truth and equitie? will Vertue
Send me no Aide, in this hard time of Friendship?
Bl. Kni. Ther's an infallible staffe, and a red hat
Reseru'd for you;
W. Qu. P. Oh, Sir, indeerd
Bl. Kni. A Staffe,
That will not easily breake, you may trust to't,
(And such a one had your corruption need of
The'rs a State-figge for you now.)
Wh. Kni. Behold all how they coheare in one:
I alwayes held a Charitie so good
To Holinesse profes'd; I euer beleeu'd rather
The Accuser false, then the Professor vitious.
Bl. Kni. A Charitie like all your vertues else,
Gracious and glorious.
Wh. Kni. Where settles the offence
Let the faults punishment, be deriu'd from thence
We leaue her to your Censure:
Bl. Kni. Most just Majestie.
Wh. Q. P. Calamitie of Vertue; my Queene leaue me too?
Am I cast off as th'oliue casts her flower?
Poore friendlesse Innocence, art thou so left a pray
To the Deuourer?
Wh. K. No, thou art not lost:
Let'em put on their bloodiest Resolutions
If the faire policie I ayme at prospers
Thy Councell (noble Duke.)
Wh. D. For that worke cheerefully.
Wh Kni. A man for Speed now?
Wh. Bish. P. Let it be my honour (sir)
Make me that flight, that owes her my lifes seruice.
Bl. Kni. was not this brought about well for our Honours?
Bl. Bish. Pish that Galician Braine, can worke out wonders.

Bl. Kni. Lets vſe her, as (vpon the like diſcouerie)
A Maid was vs'd at Venice; Euery one,
Be ready with a pennace: Begin Majeſtie
Veſſell offooliſh Scandall, take thy freight:
Had there beene in that Cabinet of Nicenes
Halfe the Virginities of the Earth lock'd vp,
And all ſwept at one caſt, by the dexterity
Of a Ieſuiticall Gamſter, it had not valued
The leaſt part of that generall worth, thou haſt tainted.
Bl. Biſh. Firſt I enioyne thee, to a three dayes Faſt for't.
Bl. Qu. You are too penurious (Sir) Ile make it foure.
Bl. Biſh. I to a twelue houres kneeling, at one time.
Bl. Kni. And in a Roome fil'd all with Aretines Pictures,
More then the twice twelue labours of Luxurie:
Thou ſhalt not ſee ſo much as the chaſt Pommell
Of *Lucrece* dagger peping, nay Ile puniſh thee
For a Diſcouerer; I'le torment thy modeſtie.
Bl. D. After that, foure dayes faſt, to the Inquiſition houſe
Strengthned with Bread and water, for worſe pennance. (ted.
Bl. Kni. Why well ſaid (Duke of our houſe) nobly agraua-
Wh. Q. P. Vertue (to ſhowe her Influence more ſtrong)
Fits me with Patience, mightier then my Wrong.

Exeunt.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scena prima. Enter Fat Biſhop.

Fat Biſh. I knowe my pen drawes blood of the Black-houſe,
Ther's neuer a booke I write, but their cauſe bleeds,
It hath loſt many an ounce of Reputation,
Since I came of this Side, I ſtrike deepe in,
And leaue the Orifex guſhing, where I come.
But wher's my aduancement all this while I haue gap'd for?
I would haue ſome round preferment: Corpulent dignity,
That beares ſome-bredth and compaſſe in the Guift on't;
I am perſwaded that this fleſh would fill
The biggeſt Chaire Eccleſiaſtic all
If it were put to triall:

To

To be made Master of an Hospitall
Is but a kind of disea'd Bed-rid-honour,
Or Deane of the poore Almes-Knights, that weare badges?
Ther's but two lazie beggerly preferments
In the white Kingdome, and I haue got 'em both.
My merrit doth begin to be Crop-sicke,
For want of other Titles. *Enter Black Knight.*
Bl. Kni. Oh here walkes
His fulsome Holyneſſe; Now for the Maſter-tricke,
T'vndoe him euerlaſtingly; thats put home,
And make him hang in hell moſt ſeriouſly,
That ieſted with a halter vpon me;
Fat Biſh. The Black Knight! I muſt looke to my play then,
Bl. Kni. I bring faire greetings to your reuerend Vertues
From Cardinall *Paulus*, your moſt princely Kins-man.
Fat Biſh. Our Princely Kins-man ſaiſt thou? we accept 'em,
Pray keepe your ſide and diſtance: I am charie
Of my Epiſcopall perſon.
I know the Knightes walke, in this Game too well,
He may ſlip ouer me, and where am I then?
Bl. Kni. There where thou ſhalt be ſhortly: if Art faile not.
Hee reades the Letter.
Fat B. Right reuerend and noble (meaning me) *Our*
Kins-man in blood, but alienated in affection; your
Vnkinde diſobedience to the Mother-cauſe, proues
At this time the onely cauſe of your ill fortune:
My preſent remoone by generall Election, to the
Papall dignitie, had now auſpicieuſly ſettled you
In my Sede vacante (how? had it ſo?) *which at my next reuiew*
By death, might haue proued your Step to Supremacie.
Hah! all my Bodies blood mounts to my face
To looke vpon this letter.
Bl. Kni. The Pill workes with him.
Fat Biſh. Thinke on't ſeriouſly, it is not yet too late
Through the ſubmiſſe acknowledgement of your
Diſobedience, to be louingly receaued into the
Brotherly Boſome of the Conclaue.

This was the Chaire of Eaſe, I euer aym'd at;
Ile make a Bon-fire of my Bookes immediatly,
All that are leſt (againſt that ſide) Ile ſacrifice,
Packe vp my Plate, and goods, and ſteale away,
By night at water-gate: It is but penning,
Two or three bitter bookes, againſt the White-houſe,
And inuenting another Recantation,
And then I am in on th'other ſide againe,
As firme as ere I was: as fat, and flouriſhing,
(Blacke Knight) expect a wonder er't be long:
Thou ſhalt ſee me one of the Black-houſe ſhortly,

Bl. Kni. Your Holineſſe is merrie with the Meſſenger:
Too happie to be true; you ſpeake what ſhould be
If naturall Compunction touch'd you truely (nour.
——Oh you haue drawne blood, life blood, yea blood of ho-
From your moſt deare, your Primatiue Mothers heart,
Your ſharpe Inuectiues haue bin points of Speares
In her ſweet tender Sides; the vnkinde wounds
Which a Sonne giues (a Sonne of reuerence eſpecially)
They rankle tenne times more then th'aduerſaries.
I tell you Sir, your reuerend Reuolt,
Did giue the fearefullſt blow to Adoration,
Our Cauſe ere felt; It ſhooke the very Statues,
The Vrnes and Aſhes of the ſainted Sleepers.

Fat Biſh. Forbeare or I ſhall melt ith place I ſtand;
Suffices I am yours when they leaſt dreame on't
Ambitions fodder (power, and richeſſe) drawes me
When I ſmell Honour, thats the locke of hay,
That leads me through the worlds field euery way. *Exit.*

Bl. Kni. Here's a ſweet paunch to propagate beliefe on,
Like the foundation of a Chappell, laid
Vpon a Quag-mire: I may number him now,
Amongſt my inferiour pollicies, and not ſhame 'em,
But let me a little ſollace my Deſignes,
In the remembrance of ſome braue ones paſt,
To cheriſh the futurition of Proiect,
Whoſe motion muſt be reſtleſſe till that great worke

Cal'd the poſſeſſion of the Earth be ours.
Was it not I procur'd a pretious ſafe-guard
From the White Kingdome to ſecure our Coaſts
Againſt the Infidell Pyrat, vnder pretext
Of more neceſſitous expedition?
Who made the Goales flie open (without miracle)
And let the Locuſts out? (thoſe dangerous flies
Whoſe propertie is to burne Corne with touching)
The Heretiques Grannaries feele it to this houre,
And now they haue got amongſt the Countrie Croppes
They ſticke ſo faſt to the conuerted eares,
The lowdeſt Tempeſt that Authoritie rouſes
Will hardly ſhake 'em off; they haue their Dennes
In Ladies Couches, their ſafe Groues and Fennes
Nay were they followed and found out by th'Sent,
Palme-Oyle, will make a Purſeuant relent.
Whoſe pollicie wa'ſt to put a ſilenc'd Muzzell
On all the barking Tongue men of the time?
Made Pictures, that were domb enough before,
Poore Sufferers, in that pollitique reſtraint,
My light ſpleene skips and ſhakes my ribbes to thinke on't.
Whilſt our Driſts walke vncenſur'd, but in thought,
A whiſtle or a whiſper would be queſtion'd,
In the moſt fortunate Angle of the world,
The Court hath held the Cittie by the hornes,
Whilſt I haue milk'd her: I haue got good Soapes,
From Countrie Ladyes; for their liberties,
From ſome; for their moſt vainely hop'd Preferments,
High offices in th'aire: I ſhould not liue,
But for this *Mel-aeriũm*, this Mirth-manna.
My Pawne? how now? the Newes? *Enter Blacke*
Bl. Kni. P. Expect none very pleaſing, *Knights Pawne.*
That comes (Sir) of my bringing, I am for ſad things,
Bl Kni. Thy conſcience is ſo tender hoof'd of late;
Euery Nayle pricks it,
Bl. Kni. P. This may pricke yours too,
If there be any quicke fleſh in a yard on't.

Bl. K. Mine; Miſchiefe muſt finde a deepe nayle, and a driuer,
Beyond the ſtrength of any Machiuill,
The Politique Kingdomes fatten, to reach mine,
Pree-thee Compunction, Needle prick'd, a little
Vnbinde this ſore wound.

Bl. Kni. P. Sir your Plot's diſcouered.

Bl. K. Which of the twenty thouſand, and nine hundred
Fourſcore and fiue? can'ſt tell?

Bl. Kts. P. Bleſſe vs! ſo many?
How doe poore Country men haue but one plot
To keepe a Cow on, yet in Law for that?
You cannot know 'em all, ſure, by their Names (Sir)

Bl. Kt. Yes, were their uumbers trebled: thou haſt ſeene
A Globe ſtand on the table in my Cloſſet.

B. K. P. A thing Sir ful of Countries & hard words. (lique

Bl. Kt. True: with lines drawn, ſome Tropicall, ſome Ob-

Bl. Kts. P. I ſcarce can read, I was brought vp in bindneſſe.

Bl. K. Iuſt ſuch a thing (if ere my Scull be opened)
Will my Braines looke like.

Bl. K. P. Like a Globe of Countries?

Bl. K. I, and ſome Maſter Polititian
That has ſharp Eyes, will goe neare to pricke out
The Plots, and the Climate where they faſtned:
Twill puſsle 'em too.

Bl. K. P. I am of your minde for that Sir.

Bl. K. They'l finde 'em to fall thick vpon ſome Countries,
They had need vſe Spectakles: but I turne to you now,
What Plot is that diſcouered?

Bl. K. P. Your laſt Brat (Sir,
Begot betwixt the Blacke Biſhop and your ſelfe:
Your Ante-dated Letters about the *Ieſuite*.

Bl. K. Diſcouered! how?

Bl. K. P. The White Knights Policy hath out-ſtrip'd yours,
Ioyn'd with th' aſſiſtant Councell of his Duke,
The Biſhops White Pawne vndertooke the Iournie,
Who (as they ſay) diſcharg'd it like a Flight,
I made him for the buſines fit and light.

Bl. K. Tis

B.K. Tis but a Bawdy Pawne out of the way. *Enter both*
Bl.B. You haue heard all then? *Houses seuerally.*
Bl.K. The Wonder's past with me: but some shall downe
W.K. Set free the vertuous Pawn, frō all her wrongs, (for't
Let her be brought with honour to the face
Of her malicious Aduersaries.
B.K. Good.
W.K. Noble chast Knight, a Title of that Candor
The greatest Prince on Earth without impeachment,
May haue the dignity of his worth compriz'd in:
This faire-deliuering Act, Vertue will register
In the white Booke of the defence of Virgins,
Where the cleare Fame of all preseruing Knights,
Are to eternall memory consecrated:
And wee embrace as partner of that honour
This worthy Piece, the counsell of the Act,
Whom wee shall euer place in our respect.
W.D. Most bless'd of Kings, throan'd in all royall graces,
Euery good deed sends backe its owne reward,
Into the Bosome of the Enterprizer.
But you t'expresse your selfe, aswell to be
King of Magnificence, as Integritie,
Addes glory to the guift.
W.K. Thy desert claymes it.
——Zeale, and Fidelity, appeare thou Beauty
Of Truth and Innocency; best ornament
Of Patience: thou that makst thy suffrings glorious.
B.K. Ile take no knowledge on't, what makes she here?
How dares yon'd Pawne (vn-penaunc'd, with a Cheeke
Fresh, as her falshood yet, where castigation
hath left no pale print of her visiting anguish)
Appeare in this Assembly? (Let me alone,
Sinne must be bolde, 'tis all the grace, 'tis borne to)
W.K. What's this?
W.Kt. I am wonder-strooke.
W.Q.P. Affist me Goodnesse,
I shall to Prison againe.

Bl. Kni. At least I haue amaz'd 'em,
Scatter'd their Admirations of her Innocence,
As the fir'd ship put in, seuer'd the Fleet
In eighty eight: Ill on with't (Impudence is
Mischiefes Patrimony) Is this Iustice
——Is injur'd Reuerence no sharplier righted?
I euer held that Majesty impartiall
That like (most equall heauen) lookes on the manners,
Not on the shapes they shrow'd in.
Wh. Kni. This Blacke Knight
Will neuer take an answer: 'tis a victory
To make him vnderstand he doth amisse,
When he knowes, in his owne cleare vnderstanding
That he doth nothing else; showe him the testimony
Confirm'd by good men, how that foule Attempt
Got but this morning, to the place from whence
He dated his forg'd lines for ten dayes past.
Bl. Kni. Why may not the Corruption sleepe in this
By some Conniuence, as you haue wak'd in ours
By too rash confidence?
Wh. D. Ile vndertake
That Knight shall teach the Diuell how to lye.
Wh. Kni. If sin were halfe so wise as impudence *Enter Bl. Q. Pawne;*
Shel'd ne're seeke further for an Aduocate.
Bl. Q. P. Now to act Treacherie with an Angels Tongue
Since all's come out, Ile bring him strangely in againe;
Where is this injur'd Chastitie? this Goodnesse?
Whose worth no transitorie Price can value?
This Rocke of constant and inuincible vertue?
That made sinnes Tempest weary of his furie?
Bl. Q. What? is my Pawne distracted?
Bl. Kni. I thinke rather
There is some notable Master prize of Roguery,
The Drum strikes vp for;
Bl. Q. P. Let me fall with reuerence
Before this blessed Altar
Bl. Q. This is madnesse.

Bl. Kni. Well

Bl. Kni. Well marke the end: I ſtand for Roguery ſtill;
I will not change my ſide,
Bl. Q. P. I ſhall be tax'd I know,
I care not what the Blacke Houſe thinkes of mee,
Bl. Qu. What ſay you now?
Bl. Kni. I will not be vnlaid yet.
Bl. Q. P. How any Cenſure flies: I honour Sanctitie,
That is my obiect I intend no other:
I ſaw this glorious and moſt valiant vertue,
Fight the moſt nobleſt combat with the Deuill,
Bl. Kni. If both the Biſhops had bin there for ſeconds,
It had bin a compleat Duell.
Wh. Kni. Then thou heardſt the violence intended:
Bl. Qu. P. 'Tis a Truth.
I ioy to iuſtifie I was an Agent
——On Vertues part, and rais'd that confus'd noiſe
That ſtartled his Attempt, and gaue her libertie,
Wh. Q. P. Oh tis a righteous ſtorie, ſhe hath told (Sir)
My life and fame ſtood mutually engag'd
Both to the Truth, and Goodneſſe of this Pawne.
Wh. Kni. Doth it appeare to you, yet cleare as the Sun?
Bl. Kni. Las I beleeu'd it long before 'twas done.
W. Kni. Degenerate.
Bl. Qu. Baſe
B. B. Perfideous.
B. D. Traiterous Pawne.
Bl. Q. P. What are you all beſides your ſelfes?
Bl. Kni. But I.
Remember that (Pawne)
Bl. Q. P. May a fearefull barrenneſſe
Blaſt both my hopes, and pleaſures, if I brought not
Her ruine in my pity; A new Trap
For her more ſure confuſion.
Bl. Kni. Haue I won now?
Did I not ſay 'twas Craft and machination?
I ſmelt conſpiracie all the way it went,
Although the Meſſe were couer'd, I am ſo vs'd to't

B. D. That Queene would I faine finger.
B. K. You are too hot (Sir)
If she were tooke, the Game would be ours quickly,
My Ayme's at that White Knight, entrap him first,
The Duke will follow too.
Bl. Bish. I would that Bishop
Were in my Dioceſſe Il'd ſoone change his whiteneſſe.
Bl. Kni. Sir, I could whip you vp a Pawne immediatly,
I know where my Game ſtands.
Bl. B. Doe ſodainely.
Aduantage leaſt, muſt not be loſt in this play.
Bl. Kni. Pawne thou art ours,
Wh. Kni. He's taken by default,
By wilfull negligence: guard the ſacred Perſons:
Looke well to the White Biſhop, for that Pawne,
Gaue guard to'th Queene, and him, in the third place.
Bl. K. See what ſure peece you tooke your confidence in,
I made this Pawne here, by Corruption ours,
As ſoone as Honour, by Creation yours.
This whiteneſſe vpon him, is but the leaprouzie
Of pure diſſimulation, viewe him now, *He appeares black*
His heart and his intents are of our Cullour. *vnderneath.*
Wh. K. Moſt dangerous Hipocrite.
Wh. D. One made againſt vs.
Wh. Q. His Truth of this Complexion.
Wh. K. Hath my Goodneſſe,
Clemencie, loue and fauour gracious, rais'd thee
From a condition next to populer labour?
Tooke thee from all the dubitable hazards
Of Fortune, her moſt vnſecure Aduentures,
And grafted thee into a branch of honour,
And do'ſt thou fall from the Top bough by the rottennes
Of thy alone corruption? like a fruit,
Thats ouer ripened by the beames of fauour?
Let thine owne waight reward thee, I haue forgot thee,
Integretie of life is ſo deare to me,
Where I finde falſhood or a crying ſin,

Be it in any whome our grace ſhines moſt on,
Il'd teare 'm from my heart.
Wh. B. Spoke like heauens Subſtitute.
W K. You haue him, we can ſpare him, and his ſhame
Will make the reſt looke better to their Game.
Bl. K. The more cunning we muſt vſe then,
W. Kni. We ſhall match you,
Play how you can, perhaps and mate you too.
Fat B. Is there ſo much amazement ſpent on him
Thats but halfe blacke? there might be hope of that man:
But how will this Houſe wonder, if I ſtand forth,
And ſhowe a whole one? inſtantly diſcouer
One thats all Blacke? where ther's no hope at all?
Wh. K. Ile ſay thy hart then iuſtifies thy books.
I long for that diſcouery.
Fat B*iſh.* Looke no further than,
Beare witnes all the houſe, I am the Man,
And turne my ſelfe into the Blacke Houſe freely:
I am of this Side now.
Wh. K. Monſter nere matcht him.
Fat B. This is your noble worke Knight.
Bl. K. Now Ile halter him.
Fat B. Next newes you heare, expect my books againſt you
Printed at Doway, Bruxelles, or Spolletta.
Wh K. See his goods ſeiz'd on.
Fat B. Las they were all conuaid
Laſt night by water to a Taylors houſe,
A friend to the Blacke-cauſe.
Wh. K. A prepar'd hipocrite.
Wh. D. Premeditated Turne-coate. *Exeunt.*
Fat B. Yes, raile on,
Ile reach you in my writings when I am gone.
Bl. K. Flatter him a while with honours, till we put him
Vpon ſome dangerous ſeruice, and then burne him,
Bl. K. This came vnlook't for.
Bl. D. How wee ioy to ſee you.
Fat B. Now Ile diſcouer all the White Houſe to you.

Bl.D. Indeed that will both reconcile, and raiſe you. (now.
Wh. K. P. I reſt vpon you (Knight) for my aduancement
Bl.K. Oh for the ſtaffe, the ſtrong ſtaffe, that will hold,
And the red Hat fit for the guiltie Mazard:
Into the Emptie bagge; know thy firſt way
Pawnes that are loſt, are euer out of Play.
Wh. K. P. How's this?
Bl Kni. No replications: you knowe mee
No doubt ere long, youle haue more Company
The bagge is bigge enough 'twill hold vs all. *Exeunt.*
Wh.Q.P. I ſue to thee, prithee be one of vs,
Let my loue win thee: Thou haſt done Truth, this day,
And yeſterday, many honour noble ſeruice,
The beſt Pawne of our Houſe, could not tranſcend it;
Bl.Q.P. My pitty flam'd with zeale eſpecially
When I fore-ſaw your Marriage, then it mounted.
Wh.Q.P. How? Marriage?
Bl.Q.P. Thus contaminating Act!
Would haue ſpoil'd all your Fortunes: a Rope? bleſſe vs all.
Wh.Q.P. Thou talkſt of Marriage?
Bl.Q.P. Yes, yes, you doe marrie
I ſaw the Man.
Wh.Q.P. The Man?
B.Q.P. An abſolute honeſt Gentleman, a compleat one
Youle ſay ſo when you ſee him; heire to three red Hatts,
Beſides his generall hopes in the Blacke Houſe.
Wh.Q.P. Why ſure thou art much miſtaken, for this Man:
I haue promis'd ſingle life, to all my affections.
Bl.Q.P. Promiſe you what you will, or I, or all on's,
Ther's a fate rules, and ouer rules vs all (me thinkes)
Wh.Q.P. Why how came you to ſee or know this Miſtery?
Bl.Q.P. A Magicall glaſſe; I bought of an Egyptian,
Whoſe ſtone retaines that Speculatiue vertue;
Preſented the man to me; Your Name brings him,
As often as I vſe it: and me thinks
I neuer haue enough; perſons and Poſtures
Are all ſo pleaſing.

Wh.Q.P.

Wh Q. P. This is wondrous strange:
The faculties of Soule are still the same
I can feele no one Motion, tend that way.
Bl. Q. P. We doe not alwayes feele our faith we liue by
Nor euer see our grouth, yet both worke vpward.
Wh, Q. P. Tw'as well applide, but may I see him too?
Bl. Q. P. Surely you may without all doubt, or feare,
Obseruing the right vse, as I was taught it,
Not looking backe, or questioning the Spector.
W. Q. P. Thats no hard obseruation: trust it with me,
I'st possible? I long to see this man.
Bl. Q. P. Pray follow me then, & Ile ease you instantly.

Exeunt.

Scena secunda. Enter a Blacke iesting Pawne.

Bl. P. I would so faine take one of these White Pawns now,
I would make him doe all vnder drudgerie,
Feede him with Asses milke, crumb'd with Goates Cheese,
And all the whit meates could be deuis'd for him:
I'd make him my white Iennet, when I praunc'd
After the Blacks Knights Littour. *Enter a white Pawne.*
Wh. P. And youl'd looke then
Iust like the Deuill, striding o're a Night-mare
Made of a Millers Daughter.
Bl. P. Were you so neare?
I am taken like a Blacke-bird in the great Snow,
This White Pawne grynning ouer me,
Wh. P. And now becausse I will not foule my Clothes
Euer hereafter (for white quickly soyles you know)
Bl. P. I prithee get thee gone then, I shall smut thee.
Wh. P. No Ile put that to venture, now I haue scap'd thee.
Thou shalt doe all the durtie drudgerie
That slauery was ere put to.
Bl. P. I shall cozen you:
You may chance come, and finde your worke vndone then;
For I am too proud to labour, Ile starue first
I tell you that before hand.

*W.*P. And Ile fit you then,
With a blacke Whip, that ſhall not be behinde hand.
B.P. Piſh, I haue bin vſde to whipping, I haue whipt
My ſelfe three mile out of Towne in a morning, and
I can faſt a fortnight, and make all your meate
Stinke and lye on your hand.
*W.*P. To preuent that,
Your foode ſhall be Black-beries, and vpon gawdy dayes
A Pickled Spider, cut out like an Anchouas:
I am not to learne a Monckyes ordinary. *Enter* 2. *Bl.*
Come ſir, will you friske? *Pawne.*
2. *B.*P. Soft, ſoft you: you haue no ſuch
Bargaine on't, if you looke well about you.
*W.*P. I am ſnap'd too, a blacke Pawne in the breech of me?
We three looke like a Bird-ſpit, a white Chicke
Betweene two ruſſet Woodcocks.
B.P. I am ſo glad of this.
W.P. But you ſhall haue but ſmall cauſe, for Ile firke you.
2. B.P. Then Ile firke you agen.
VV.P. And Ile firke him agen.
B.P. Here will be olde firking, I ſhall haue the
Worſt on't, I can firke no body: we draw
Together now; for all the world, like three flyes
With one ſtraw through their Buttocks. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia. Enter Bl. Q Pawne, and VVh. Q. Pawne.

Bl.Q. P. This is the Roome he did appeare to me in.
And (looke you) this the Magicall Glaſſe that ſhow'd him,
*W. Q.*P. I finde no motion yet, what ſhould I thinke on't?
A ſuddaine feare inuades me, a faint trembling
Vnder this Omen,
As is oft felt, the panting of a Turtle
Vnder a ſtroaking hand.
B.Q.P. That boads good lucke ſtill:
Signe you ſhall change ſtate ſpeedily, for that trembling,
Is alwayes the firſt Sumptome of a Bride,

For

For any vainer feares that may accompany
His Apparition, by my truth to friendſhip,
I quit you of the leaſt; neuer was Obiect
More gracefully preſented: the very Ayre,
Conſpires to doe him honour, and creates
Sweete vocall ſounds, as if a Bridegroome enter'd;
(Which argues the bleſt harmony of Loues)

VV.Q.P. And will the vſing of my Name produce him?

B.Q.P. Nay of yours onely, elſe the wonder halted:
To cleare you of that doubt, Ile put the difference
In practiſe, the firſt thing I doe, and make
His inuocation in the name of others.

VV.Q.P. Twill ſatisfie me much, that.

B.Q.P. It ſhall be done.

Thou whoſe gentle Forme and Face,
Fil'd lately this Egiptique Glaſſe,
By the Emperious powerfull Name,
And the vniuerſall Fame,
Of the mighty Black-houſe Queene,
I coniure thee to be ſeene.

What ſee youn, othing yet?

VV.Q.P. Not any part.
Pray trye another.

B.Q.P. You ſhall haue your will.

I double my Command and Power,
And at the inſtant of this houre,
Inuoke thee, in the VVhite Queenes Name,
VVith ſtay for Time, and ſhape the ſame.

What ſeeyou yet?

VV.Q.P. Theres nothing ſhewes at all.

B.Q.P. My truth reflects the clearer: then now fixe
And bleſſe your faire Eye, with your owne for euer.

Then

Thou well compos'd, by Fates hand drawne
To enioy the White Queenes Pawne
Of whom thou shalt by vertue met
Many gracefull Issues get,
By the beautie of her Fame
By the whiteneſſe of her Name
By her faire and fruitfull Loue,
By her Truth that mates the Doue,
By the meekeneſſe of her Minde,
By the ſoftnes of her Kinde,
By the luſtre of her grace, —*Muſique.*
By all theſe, thou art ſummond to this Place. *Enter*
Harke how the Aire enchanted with your praiſes } *Bl.Bs.P.*
& his approach, thoſe words, to ſweet noates raiſes. } *as in ap-*
Wh.Q.P. Oh Let him ſtay a while; a little longer. } *parition*
Bl. Q.P. That's a good hearing. } *richly*
Wh. Q.P. If he be mine, why ſhold he part ſo ſoon? *attired.*
B.Q.P. Why this is but the ſhaddow of yours: how doe you?
Wh. Q.P. Oh I did ill to giue conſent to ſee it,
What certainety is in our blood or, State?
What we ſtill write, is bloted out by Fate,
Our wils is like a Cauſe, that is Law-toſt
What one Court orders, is by another croſt.
B.Q.P. I finde no fit place, for this paſſion here,
'Tis meerely an Intruder, he is a Gentleman,
Moſt wiſhfully compos'd: honour growes on him:
And wealth pil'd vp for him: 'has youth enough too.
And yet in the ſobrietie of his Countenance,
Graue as a *Tetrach*: which is gracious,
In th'eie of modeſt pleaſure: wheres the emptines?
What can you more requeſt?
Wh. Q.P. I doe not knowe
What anſwer yet to make, it doth require
A meeting twixt my feare and my deſire.
Bl. B. *P.* She's caught and (which is ſtrange) by her moſt (wronger.
Exeunt.

ACTVS

Actvs Qvartvs.

Scena prima. *Enter Black Bishops Pawne and Black Knights Pawne.*

Bl. K. P. It's He (my Confessor) he might haue pass'd me
Seauen yeare together, had I not by chance,
Aduanc'd mine eye vpon that letter'd Hat-band,
The Iesuiticall Simboll, to be knowne by,
Worne by the braue Collegians by consent,
'Tis a strange habit for a Holy Feather,
A President of pouertie, especially,
But we the Sonnes and Daughters of obedience,
Dare not once thinke awry, but must confesse our selues
As humbly to the Father of that Father
Long Spur and ponyard, as to the Albe, and Altar,
And happy we are so mightie grac'd to attaine to't,
Holy, and Reuerend.

Bl. B. P. How hast seund me out?

Bl. Kn. P. Oh Sir put on the sparklingst Trane of glorie,
Perfection will shine formost; and I knew you
By the Catholicke marke you weare about you,
The marke aboue your fore-head.

B. B. P. Are you grown so ambitious
In your obseruance? well your businesse?
I haue my Game to followe.

Bl. Kni. P. I haue a worme
Follows me so, that I can follow no Game,
The most faint-harted Pawne (if he could see
His Play) might snap me vp at pleasure: I desire (Sir)
To be absolu'd: my Conscience being at ease,
I could then with more courage ply my Game.

Bl. B. P. T'was a base fact.

B. Kn. P. T'was to a Schismatike Pawne (Sir.)

Bl. B. P. What's that to the Nobilitie of Reuenge,
'Suffice I haue neither will nor power
To giue you absolution for that violence,

Make your petition to the Pennance Chamber.
If the Tax Regiſter relieue you in't,
By the Black Biſhops Clemencie, you haue wrought out
A ſinguler peice of fauour with your money
Thats all your Refuge now. *Enter Wh. Q. Pawne and*
Bl. K. P. The ſting ſhoots deeper. *Exit.* (*Bl. Q. Pawne.*
B. B. P. Yonder's my Game, which like a pollitique Cheſſ-
I muſt not ſeeme to ſee. maſter,
Wh. Q. p. Oh my heart.
Bl. Q. p. That 'tis.
Wh. Q. P. The very ſelfe ſame that the Magicall Mirrour
Preſented lately to me.
Bl. Q. p. And how like
A moſt ſtrange reguardles ſtranger he walks by,
Meerely ignorant of his Fate? you are not minded
(The principall'ſt part of him) what ſtrange Miſteries
Inſcrutable Loue workes by?
Wh. Q. P. The time you ſee
Is not yet come.
Bl. Q. P. But 'tis in our power.
To bring time nearer (Knowledge is a Maſtrie)
And make it obſerue vs, and not wee it,
Wh. Q. P. I would force nothing from it's proper vertue:
Let time haue his full courſe: I had rather dye
The modeſt death of vndiſcouer'd Loue
Then haue heauens leaſt and loweſt Seruant ſuffer.
Or in his motion receaue Checke for me:
How is my ſoules grow'th alter'd, that ſingle life,
(the fitteſt garment that Peace euer made for't)
Is growne too ſtreight, too ſtubborne on the ſodaine.
Bl. Q. P. He comes this way againe.
Wh. Q. p. Oh ther's a Traytor
Leap'd from my heart, into my Cheeke already,
That will betray all to his powerfull eye
If it but glaunce vpon me.
Bl. Qu. p. By my veritie
Looke, he's paſt by agen, drown'd in neglect.

Without

Without the prosperous hint of so much happinesse,
To looke vpon his Fortune: how close Fate,
Seales vp the Eye of humaine vnderstanding,
Till like the Suns Flowre, time and loue vncloses it?
Twere pitty he should dwell in ignorance longer.

Wh. Q. p. What will you doe?

Bl. Q. p. Yes dye a bashfull death, doe,
And let the remedie passe by vnus'd still:
You 'are chang'd enough already (if you would looke in to't)
Absolute (Sir) with your most noble pardon
For this my rude Intrusion, I am bold
To bring the Knowledge of a secret nearer,
By many dayes (Sir) then it would arriue
In i'ts owne proper reuelation, with you:
Pray turne, and fix, do you knowe yon'd noble Goodnes?

Bl. B. p. 'Tis the first minute mine Eye blest me with her,
And clearely shewes how much my Knowledge wanted,
Not knowing her till now.

Bl. Q. p. She's to be like'd then:
'Pray view aduisedly: there is strong reason,
That I am so bold to vrge it, you must ghesse,
The worke concernes you nearer then you thinke for.

Bl. B. p. Her glorie and the wonder of this secret,
Puts a reciprocall amazement on me.

Bl. Q. p. And ti's not without worth; You two must be
Better acquainted.

Bl. B. p. Is there Cause? affinitie
Or any curteous helpe Creation ioyes in,
To bring that forward?

Bl. Q. p. Yes, yes, I can shewe you
The neerest way to that perfection,
(Of a most vertuous one) that Ioye ere found
'Pray marke her once againe: then followe me,
And I will shewe you her must be your wife (Sir.)

Bl. B. *P.* The misterie extends, or els Creation
Hath set that Admirable Piece before vs.
To choose our chaste delights by.

Bl. Q P. Pleaſe you followe (Sir?)

Bl. B. P. What Art haue you to put me on an Obiect
And cannot get me off? tis paine to part from't. now,

W. Q. P. If there proue no Check in that Magicall glaſſe
But my proportion come as faire and full
Into his Eye, as his into mine lately,
Then I am confirm'd, he is mine owne for euer.

Bl. B. P. The very ſelfe ſame that the Mirror bleſt me with,
From head to foot, the Beautie and the habit.
Kept you this place ſtill? did you not remooue Lady,

W. Q.P. Not a foot further (Sir.)

*Bl. B.*P, I'ſt poſſible!
I would haue ſworne, I had ſeene the ſubſtance yonder,
T'was to that luſtre, to that life preſented.

W. Q.P. Euen ſo was yours to me (Sir.)

Bl. B. P. Sawe you mine?

W. Q.P. Perfectly cleere: no ſooner my Name vs'd
But yours appear'd.

Bl. B.P. Iuſt ſo did yours at mine now.

Bl. Q.P. Why ſtand you idle will you let Time couzen you?
Protracting Time of thoſe delicious benefits
That Fate hath work'd to you? you modeſt Paire
Of bluſhing Gamſters and you (Sir) the baſhful'ſt,
I cannot flatter a foule fault in any.
Can you be more then Man, and wife aſſign'd?
And by a powre the moſt irrecouerable?
Others, that be Aduenturers in delight,
May meet with croſſes chance, or ſeparation;
You know the minde of Fate, you muſt be coupled.

Bl. Q.P. She ſpeaks but truth in this: I ſee no reaſon then,
That we ſhould miſſe the reliſh of this night,
But that we are both ſhame-fac'd.

W. Q.P. How this night (Sir?)
Did not I know you muſt be mine, and thetein
Your priuiledge runnes ſtrong; for that looſe Motion
You neuer ſhould be. Is it not my Fortune
To match with a pure minde? then am I miſerable:

The

The Doues, and all chaſt louing wing'd Creatures
Haue their paires fit: their deſires iuſtly mated.
Is woman more vnfortunate; A Virgin
(The May of woman) Fate that hath ordain'd (Sir)
we ſhould be both man and wife, hath not giuen warrant
For any Act of Knowledge, till we are ſo.

Bl. B p. Tender Ey'd Modeſtie; how it giues at this?
I'am as farre off, for all this ſtrange Impoſture,
As at firſt enter-view: where lyes our Game now?
You know I cannot be married by mine Order.

Bl. Q. p. I know you cannot Sir, yet you may venture
Vpon a Contract.

Bl. B. p. Hah!

Bl. Q. p. Surely you may (Sir)
Without all queſtion ſo farre, without danger
Or any ſtaine to your vowe, and that may take her:
Nay do't with ſpeed ſhe'll thinke you meane the better too.

Bl. B. p. Be not ſo lauiſh of that bleſſed Spring;
You haue waſted that, vpon a cold occaſion now,
Would waſh a ſinfull ſoule white: By our Loue ioyes
That motion ſhall nere light vpon my Tongue more;
Till we are contracted: then I hope you are mine?

Wh. Q. p. In all iuſt dutie euer.

Bl. Q. p. Then, Doe you queſtion it?
'Piſh then you are Man and wife, all but Church Ceremony,
Pray lets ſee that done firſt; She Shall doe reaſon then;
Now Ile enioy the Sport: and cozen you both.
My Bloods game is the wages I haue work't for. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda. Enter Black Knight and his Pawne.

Bl. K. Pawne, I haue ſpoke to the Fat Biſhop for thee
Ile get thee Abſolution from his owne mouth.
Reach me my Chaire of eaſe, my Chaire of Cauzenage,
Seauen thouſand pounds, in women, reach me that,
I loue of life to ſit vpon a Bancke,
Of Hereticke gold, (oh ſoft and gently) (Sirha)

Thers a foule Flawe i'th bottome of my Drum (Pawne)
I nere ſhall make ſound Souldier, but ſound Treacher
With any He in Europe; How now (Qualme)
Thou haſt the Puking'ſt ſoule that ere I met with;
It cannot beare one ſuckling Villanie:
Mine can digeſt a Monſter, without crudities,
A Sin as weightie as an Elephant
And neuer wamble for't.

*Bl.K.*p. I you haue bin vs'd to't (Sir)
That's a great helpe: the ſwallow of my conſcience
Hath but a narrow paſſage, You muſt thinke yet
It lies i'th penitent Pipe, and will not downe:
If I had got ſeauen thouſand pounds by offices,
And gul'd downe that, the Bore would haue bin bigger.

Bl.Kni. Nay, if thou prou'ſt facetious, I ſhall hug thee.
Can a ſoft, reare, poore pouch'd Iniquitie
So ride vpon thy conſcience: I am aſham'd of thee,
Hadſt thou betraid the White Howſe, to the Blacke,
Beggerd a Kingdome by diſſimulation;
Poiſon'd Allegeance, ſet Faith backe, and wrought
Womens ſoft ſoules euen vp to Maſculine malice
To purſue Truth to death; if the Cauſe rowz'd 'em
That Stares and Parrots, are firſt taught to curſſe thee,

Bl. Kni.P. I marrie Sir, heer's ſwapping ſinnes indeed.

Bl.Kni. All theſe, and ten times trebled hath this Braine
Bin Parent to, they are my Ofsprings all.

*Bl.Kni.*P. A goodly brood.

Bl.Kni. Yet I can ieſt as titelie,
Laugh and tell ſtirring ſtories, to Court Madams
Daughters of my Seducement, with alacritie
As high and harty as youthes time of Innocence,
That neuer knew a Sinne to ſhape a ſorrow by,
I feele no Tempeſt, not a leaſe-winde ſtirring
To ſhake a fault; my conſcience is becalm'd rather. (Sir.)

*Bl.K.*P. I am ſure there is a whirle-winde, huffes in mine

Bl.K.(Sirrha) I haue ſold the Groom of the Stoole ſix times,
And receiu'd money of ſix ſeuerall Ladies,

Ambitious

Ambitious to take place of Baronets Wiues:
To thee olde Mummey-Matrons, I haue promis'd
The Mother-ship 'oth Maids: I haue taught our friends too,
To conuey *White-House* Golde to our *Blacke-Kingdome*,
In colde bak'd Pasties, and so cozen Searchers:
For venting hallowed Oyle, Beades, Medals, Pardons,
Pictures, Veronica's heads in priuate Presses,
That's done by one in th'habit of a Pedler,
Letters conuay'd in Rowles, Tobacco balls:
When a restraint comes, by my politique counsell,
Some of our *Iesuites* turned Gentlemen Vshers,
Some Faulkners, some Parke-keepers, and some Huntsmen;
One tooke the shape of an olde Ladies Cooke once
And dispatcht two Chares, on a Sunday morning,
The Alter, and the Dresser. Pray what vse
Put I my Summer Recreation to?
But more to informe my knowledge in the State,
And strength of the *White Kingdome*: No Fortification,
Hauen, Creeke, Landing place, about the *White Coast*,
But I got draught and platforme; and learn'd the depth
Of all their Channels, knowledge of all Sands,
Shelues, Rockes, and Riuers, for inuasion prop'rest:
A Catologue of all the Nauie-Royall;
The burthen of each Ship, the Brassie Murderers;
The number of the men, to what Cape bound.
Againe, for the discouery of the In-lands,
Neuer a Shire, but the state better knowne
To me, then to her best Inhabitants;
What power of Men, and Horse, Gentries, Reuenues:
Who well affected to our side, who ill;
Who neither well nor ill: all the Neutrality,
Thirty eight thousand soules, haue bin seduc'd (Pawne)
Since the Gaoles vomited with the Pill I gaue 'em.

Bl.K.P. Sure you put Oyle of Toade in that phisique(Sir)

Bl. K. I am now about a Master-piece of play,
To entrap the *White Knight*, and with false alurements,
Entice him to the *Blacke-House*; more will follow;

Whilst

Whilſt our Fat Biſhop ſets vpon the Queene,
Then will our Game lye ſweetly.

Enter Fat Biſhop

Bl.Kni. P. Hee's come now Sir.

Fat Biſh. Here's *Taxa Pœnitentiaria* (Knight)
The Booke *of Generall Pardons, of all prices.*
I haue bin ſearching for his Sin this halfe howre,
And cannot light vpon't.

Bl.K. That's ſtrange: Let me ſee't.

Bl.K. P. Wretched that I am; hath my rage done that,
There is no Preſident of Pardon for?

B. *K. For Willfull Murder, thirteene pound foure ſhillings And ſixe pence,* (that's reaſonable cheape) *For killing, Killing, killing, killing, killing, killing.*
Why here's nothing but *killing* (Biſhop) on this ſide.

Fat Biſh. Turne the Sheete ouer, and you ſhall finde *A-*
And other triuiall Sinnes. *(dulterie,*

Bl.K. Adulterie!
Oh, I am in't now: *For Adulterie, a couple of ſhillings, And for Fornication, fiue pence,* (theſe are too good Penny-worths; I cannot ſee how a man can mend Himſelfe) *For lying with Mother, Siſter and Daughter:* (I marry Sir) *thirtie three pounds, three ſhillings three Pence.* The Sinnes gradation right: paid all in *Threes* too.

Fat Biſh. You haue read the Storie of that Monſter (Sir)
That got his Daughter, Siſter, and his Wife,
Of his owne Mother.

Bl.K. Symony, nine pound.

Fat Biſh. They may thanke me for that, twas nineteene
Before I came, I haue mittigated many of the Sinnes.

Bl.K. Sodomie, ſixe pence: (You ſhould put that ſumme Euer on the backſide of your Booke (Biſhop)

Fat Biſh. There's few on's very forward Sir.

Bl.K. What's here (Sir) two olde Preſidents of Encourage-
Fat Biſh. I, thoſe are ancient Notes, *(ment.*

Bl.K. Giuen as a Gratuity for the killing of an Heriticall Prince with a poyſond knife, Duccats fiue thouſands.

Fat Biſh. True Sir, that was paid,

B. *K. Promis'd*

Bl.K. Promis'd also to Doctor Lopes *for poysoning the Mayden Queene of the* White Kingdome, *Duccats twenty thousand: Which said sum was afterwards giuen (as a meritorius Almes) To the Nunnery at* Lisbon, *hauing at this present ten thousand Pounds more at vse, in the Towne-house of* Antwerpe.

B.K. P. What's all this to my Conscience? Worthy Ho-
I sue for pardon; I haue brought money with me. (lineſſe,

Fat B. You must depart, you see there is no president
Of any price, or pardon for your fact.

B.K. P. Most miserable, are fowler sinnes remitted?
Killing, nay *wilfull Murder?*

Fat B. True: there's instance;
Were you to kill him, I would pardon you;
There's president for that, and price set downe:
But none for *Guelding.*

B.K.P. I haue pick'd out vnderstanding now for euer;
Out of that Cabiliſtiqüe bloody Riddle:
Ile make away all my State, and kill him; *Enter B.King.*
And by that act obtaine full Absolution. *Exit.*

B.K. Why Bishop: Knight, where's your remoues? your
Stand you now idle in the heate of Game? (traps?

Bl.K. My life for yours *Blacke Soueraigne* the Game's ours,
I haue wrought vnder hand for the *White Knight*,
And his braue Duke, and finde 'em comming both.

Fat B. Then for their Sanctimonius Queens, surprizall (Sir)
In that State-puzzell and distracted hurry,
Trust my arch subtilty with.

Bl. Kni. Oh Eagle pride!
Neuer was Game more hopefull of our side.

Bl. K. If Bishops Bull-beife be not snatch'd at next bout;
As the men stand, Ile neuer truſt Art more. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia. Enter as in a dumbe shew, Black-Queenes Pawn *with a Taper, conducts the W.P. to one Chamber, then conuaies the Blacke Bish. Pawne into another Chamber, and putting out the light, followes him.*

Scena Quarta. Enter White Knight and White Duke.

Wh. Kni. True noble Duke, faire Vertue moſt endeer'd on;
Let vs preuent their ranke inſinuation,
With truth of Cauſe and courage, meete their plots,
With confident goodnes that ſhall ſtrike 'm groueling.
W. D. Sir, all the Iyns, Traps, and alluring Snares
The Deuill hath bin at worke (ſince Eighty Eight) on
Are layde for the great hope of this Game onely.
Wh. K. Why, the more noble will Truthes triumph be,
When they haue wound about our conſtant courages,
The glittering Serpent that ere falſhood faſhion' d
And glorying moſt in his reſplendant poyſons,
Iuſt heauen can finde a Bolt to bruiſe his head.
Wh. D. Looke, would you ſee deſtruction lye a ſunning?
In yonder ſmile ſits blood and treachery basking *Enter Bl.*
In that perfideous modell of falce falſhood: *Knight.*
Hell is drawne grinning.
Wh. K. What a paine it is
For Truth to faine a little,
Bl. K. O faire Knight!
The riſing glory of that Houſe of Candor;
Haue I ſo many proteſtations loſt?
Loſt? loſt quite loſt, am I not worth your confidence?
I that haue vow'd the faculties of Soule,
Life, Spirit, and Braine, to your ſweete Game of Youth?
(Your noble fruitfull Game) can you miſtruſt
Any foule play in me, that haue bin euer
The moſt ſubmiſſe obſeruer of your vertues,
And no way tainted with ambition,
Saue onely to be thought you firſt admirer?
How often haue I chang'd for your delight
The royall preſentation of my place
Into a mimicke Ieſture? and become
(For your ſake, and th'expulſion of ſad thoughts)
Of a graue State Sir, a light Sonne of paſtime?
Made threeſcore yeares a Tom-boy, a meere Wanton,

Ile

Ile tell you what I tolde a *Sauoy* Dame once,
New wed, High, Plumpe, and lufting for an Iſſue:
Within the yeare I promis'd her a Childe,
If ſhe could ſtride ouer Saint *Rumbants* breeches
(A Relique kept at *Mechlin*) the next morning
One of my Followers olde Hoſe was counayde
Into her Chamber, where ſhe tride the feate
By that, and a Court friend, after grew great.
Wh. K. Why who could be without thee?
B. K. I will change
To any ſhape topleaſe you, and my ayme
Hath bin to win your loue in all this Game.
W. K. Thou haſt it nobly, and we long to ſee
The *Blacke-Houſe* Pleaſure, State and Dignity,
Bl. K. Of Honour, you'l ſo ſurfeit and delight,
You'l nere deſire againe to ſee the *VVhite*. *Exit*, *Enter*
W. Q. My Loue, my hope, my deareſt, oh he's gone! *W. Q.*
Enſnar'd, entrapt, ſurpriz'd amongſt the black ones:
I neuer felt extreamity like this;
Thicke darkeneſſe dwels vpon this houre: Integrity
Like one of heauens bright Luminaries now,
(By Errours dulleſt Ellement interpos'd) *Enter Fat Biſhop.*
Suffers a blacke Eccliſe: I neuer was
More ſicke of Loue then now I am of horrour:
I ſhall be taken: the Games loſt, I'm ſet vpon:
Oh! 'tis the turne-coate Biſhop, hauing watcht
Th'aduantage of his Play, comes now to ceize on me:
Oh I am hard beſet, diſtreſs'd moſt miſerably!
Fat Biſh. Tis vaine to ſtirre, remoue which way you can:
I take you now, this is the time we haue hop'd for:
Queene you muſt downe.
W. Q. No Reſcue, no Deliuer?
Fat B. The *Blacke Kings* blood burnes for thy proſtitutiõ,
And nothing but the ſpring of thy chaſte Vertue
Can coole his inflamation: Inſtantly
He dyes vpon a pluriſie of Luxurie,
If he deflowre thee not—— *Enter VVh. Biſh.*

W. Q. Oh ſtreight of miſery!

*W.*B. And is your Holineſſe his diuine procurer?

Fat B. The Diuels in't, I am taken by a Ring-doue:
Where ſtood this Biſhop that I ſaw him not?

Wh. B. You were ſo ambitious you lookt ouer me,
You aym'd at no leſſe perſon then the Queene,
The glory of the Game; if ſhe were won,
The way were open to the Maſter-Cheque,
Which (looke you) he, and his, liues to giue you: *Enter*
Honour and Vertue guide him in his ſtation. *VVh. King.*

W.Q. Oh my ſafe ſanctuary!

Wh.K. Let Heauens bleſſings
Be mine no longer, then I am thy ſure one:
The Doues houſe is not ſafer in the Rocke,
Then thou in my firme boſome.

W.Q. I am bleſs'd in't.

Wh. K. Is it that lumpe of rancke Ingratitude,
Sweld with the poyſon of Hypocriſie?
Could he be ſo malicious? Hath pertaken
Of the ſweete firtle bleſſings of our Kingdome?
Biſhop, thou haſt done our *VVhite Houſe* gracious ſeruice,
And worthy the faire reuerence of thy place:
For (thee *Blacke Holineſſe*) that work'ſt out thy death,
As the blinde Moule the prop'reſt Sonne of Earth,
Who in the caſting his ambitious hills vp,
Is often taken, and deſtroy'd i'th midſt
Of his aduanc'd worke. 'Twere well with thee,
If (like that verminous labourer, which thou imitat'ſt
In hills of pride and malice) when death puts thee vp,
The ſilent Graue might proue thy Bag for euer:
(No deeper pit then that) for thy vaine hope
Of the *White Knight*, and his moſt firme aſſiſtant:
Two Princely peeces, which I know thy thoughts
Giue loſt for euer now) my ſtrong aſſurance
Of their fix'd vertues, could you let in Seas
Of populous vntruthes, againſt that Forte,
'T would burſt the proudeſt Billowes.

W.Q. My

W.Q. My fear's past then,
W.K. Feare? You neuer were guilty of an iniury,
To Goodnes, but in that.
W.Q. It staid not with me (Sir).
Wh.K. It was too much, if it vsurp'd a thought
Place a Good Guard there.
Wh.Q. Confidence is set (Sir.)
Wh.K. Take that Prize hence: Goe (Reuerend of Men)
Put Coueteousnes into the Bagge againe.
Fat B. The Bagge had need be sound, or it goes to wracke
Sin and my waight will make a strong one cracke;

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scena prima. Enter Blacke Knight and the Blacke Bishops Pawne aboue.

Bl.K. Hold, hold, Is the Blacke Bishops Pawne the Iesuite
Planted aboue, for his course Oration?
Bl. B. P. *Ecce triumphanti, Me fixum Cæsaris Arte.*
Bl.K. Art there (my holy Boy?) Sirha; Bishop Tumbrell
Is snap i'th bagge by this time.
Bl.B.P. Heretici pereant sic. } *Enter Bl.K. Q. D.K. and Wh. Kni. and D.*
Bl.K. All Latin? Sure the Oration hath infected him
Away, away make haste: they are comming.
Bl.B.p. Siquid mortalibus, vnquam oculis hilarem
Et gratum aperuit diem: Si quid per a mantibus
Amicorum Animis gaudium attulit, peperitue
Lætitiam (Eques candidissime) prælucentissime,
Falicem profecto tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum
Nigritudinis Accessum promisisse, peperisse, attulisse fatemur;
Omnes aduentus Tui Conflagrantissimi, omni qua
Possumus lætitia, Gaudio, Congratulatione, Acclamatione
Animis obseruantissimis, Affectibus deuotissimis, obsequijs
Venerabundis Te Sospitim congratulamur.
Bl.K. (Sir) in this short Congratulatorie speech
You may conceaue how the whole House affects you
Bl.Kni. The Colledges and Sanctimonious Seed, Plots.
W.Kni. 'Tis cleare, and so acknowledg'd, (Royall Sir)

Bl.K. What Honours, pleasures, Rarities, Delights,
Your noble thought can thinke.
Bl.Q. Your faire Eye fixed on
Thats comprehended in the spacious circuit
Of our Blacke Kingdome, they are your Seruants all.
Wh. K. How amplie you indeere vs ? (Giuer
Wh. D. They are fauours that equally enrich the Royall
As the Receiuer in the free Donation.
Bl. Kni. Harke, } *Musick:*
To enlarge your welcome: from all parts } *An Altar*
Is heard sweet-sounding aires abstruse things open } *is discouered with*
Of voluntarie freenes: And yon Alter } *Tapers &*
(The seate of adoration) seemes t'adore } *diuers Images about it.*
The Vertues you bring with you.
Wh. Kni. Ther's a taste
Of the old vessell still.

SONG.

Wonder worke some strange delight
(This place was neuer yet without)
To welcome thee the faire White House Knight,
And to bring our hopes about,
May from the Altar Flames aspire
Those Tapers set themselues on fire.
May senseles things our ioyes approue } *The Images*
And those Brazen Statues moue } *moue in a*
Quickend by some Power aboue } *Daunce.*
Or what more strange to shew our Loue.

Bl.Kni. A happie Omen waytes vpon this houre,
All moue portentuously the Right-hand way
Bl. K. P.Come let's set free all the most choise delights
That euer adorn'd Dayes or quicken'd Nights. *Exeunt.*

Scena secunda. Enter seuerally Wh. Queenes Pawne and the Blacke Bishops Pawne in his reuerend habit.

W.Q.P. I see twa's but a Triall of my Dutie now

Hath

Hath a moſt modeſt minde, and in that vertue
Moſt worthily hath Fate prouided for me;
Hah! ti's the bad-man in the Reuerend habit
Dares he be ſeene againe: Traytor to Holines?
Oh marble fronted Impudence, and knowes,
How ill 'hath vs'd me? I am aſham'd he bluſhes not.

B.B.P. Are you yet ſtoard with any womans pittie
Are you the Miſtris of ſo much Deuotion
Kindnes and Charitie, as to beſtowe
An Almes of Loue on your poore ſufferer yet
For your ſake onely?

W.Q.P. Sir for the reuerend reſpect you ought
To giue to Sanctitie (though none to me)
In being her Seruant vow'd and weare her Liuorie,
If I might Counſell, you ſhould neuer ſpeake:
The language of vnchaſtnes in that habit:
You would not thinke how ill it doth with you
The worlds a Stage, on which all parts are plaid
You would thinke it moſt abſur'd to ſee a Deuill
Preſented there not in a Deuils ſhape
Or wanting one to ſend him out in yours,
You would raile at that for an abſurditie
No Colledge ere committed: for Decorum ſake then,
For pitties Cauſe: for ſacred Vertues honour,
If you'l perſiſt ſtill, in your Deuills part,
Preſent him as you ſhould do: And let one
That carries vp the goodnes of the play
Come in that habit, and Ile ſpeake with him
Then will the parts be fitted, and the Spectators
Know which is which: they muſt haue cunning Iudgement,
To finde it elſe; for ſuch a one as you
Is able to deceiue a mightie Audience,
Nay thoſe you haue ſeduc'd (if there be any
In the Aſſembly) if they ſee what manner
You play your Game with me, they cannot loue you.
Is there ſo little hope of you to ſmile (Sir)

Bl.B.P. Yes at your feares; at th'Ignorance of your power

The little vſe you make of time, Youth, Fortune:
Knowing you haue a Husband for luſts ſhelter,
You dare not yet make bold with a friends comfort;
This is the plague of weaknes.
Wh.Q.P. So hot burning
The Sillables of Sin, flie from his lips
As if the Letter came new laſt from hell
Bl. B. p. Well, ſetting a ſide the diſh you loath ſo much
(Which hath bin heartily taſted by your betters)
I come to marrie you to the Gentleman
That laſt enioy'd you: I hope that pleaſes you?
Ther's no immodeſt Reliſh in that Office.
*Wh.Q.*P. Strange of all men he ſhould firſt light on him
To tye that holy Knot that ſought to vndoe me,
Were you requeſted to performe that buſines (Sir)
Bl. B. P. I name you a ſure token.
W. Q.P. As for that (Sir)
Now you are moſt welcome; and my faire hopes of you
Youl'd neuer breake the ſacred Knot you tye once
With any lewd ſolliciting hereafter.
Bl. B. P. But all the crafts in getting of it knit,
You are all on fire to make your cozening Market
I am the Marrier, and the man, doe you know me?
Doe you know me Nice Iniquititie: ſtrict Luxurie?
And holy whoredome? that would clap on Marriage
With all hot ſpeed to ſolder vp your Game:
See what a ſcourge Fate hath prouided for thee:
You were a Maid ſweare ſtill; you are no worſe now:
I left you as I found you; haue I ſtartled you?
I am quit with you now for my diſcouerie,
Your out-cries and your Cunnings, farewell Brookage.
*Wh.*Q.p. Nay ſtay and heare me, but giue thanks a little,
If your Eare can endure a worke ſo gracious
Then you may take your pleaſure.
*Bl.Q.*P. I haue done that.
*W.*Q.p. That powre that hath preſeru'd me from this Diuell!
*Bl.B.*P. How?

This

Wh.Q.P. This, that may challenge the chiefe Chaire in hell,
And ſit aboue his Maſter?
Bl. B.P. Bring in merit:
W.Q.P. That ſuffered ſt him, through blinde luſt to be led
Laſt night, to the action of ſome common Bed.
Bl.Q.p. Not ouer common neither. —— *Black Queens*
Bl.B.P. Hah! what voyce is that? *Pawne with-*
W.Q.p. Of Virgins be thou euer honored. *in.*
Now you may goe, you heare I haue giuen thankes (Sir)
B.B.P. Here's a ſtrange Game: did not I lye with you?
B.Q.P. Noe. ——*Within.*
B.B.P. What the deuill art thou?
Wh.Q.p. I will not anſwer you (Sir)
After thankes giuing.
Bl.B.P. Why, you made promiſe to me
After the Contract.
Bl.Qu.p. Yes. ——*within.*
B.B.P. Miſchiefe confound thee,
I ſpeake not to thee: And you were prepar'd for't,
And ſet your Ioyes more high,
B.*Q.P.* Then you could reach Sir. ——*within.*
B.B.P. This is a bawdy Pawne, Ile ſlit the throate on't.
B.*Q.P.* What? offer violence to your Bedfellow? *Enter*
To one that workes ſo kindely, without Rape? B. Q.P.
B.B.P. My Bedfellow!
Bl.Q.P. Doe you Plant your ſcorne againſt me?
Why, when I was *Probationer* at Br*uxells*,
That Engine was not knowne; Then adoration
Fil'd vp the place, and wonder was in faſhion.
Is't turn'd to the wilde Seed of contempt ſo ſoone?
Can fiue yeares ſtamp a Bawde? pray looke vpon me (Sir)
I haue youth enough to take it, 'tis no longer,
Since you were chiefe Agent for the tranſportation
Of Ladyes Daughters: if you be remembred,
Some of their Portions I could name; who purſs'd 'em too:
They were ſoone diſpoſſeſt of worldly cares,
That came into your fingers.
Bl. B.*P.* Shall I heare her?
Bl.Q.p. Holy diriſion, yes, till thy eare ſwell

With thine own venome, thy prophane lifes vomit:
Whose Niece was she, you poyson'd with Childe twice,
And gaue her out possess'd with a foule Spirit
When 'twas indeed your Bastard?
Bl. B.*P.* I am taken. *Enter White*
In mine owne toyles. *Bishops Pawne.*
Wh. B.P. Yes, and 'tis iust you should be.
W. Q.P. And thou (lewde *Pawne*) the shame of Woman-
*Bl.*B.P. I am lost of all hands. (hood,
B.*Q.P.* And I cannot feele
The weight of my perdition: now he's taken,
It hath not the burthen of a Grashopper.
Bl.B.P. Thou Whoore of order, Cockatrice in *Voto*,
*B.K.*P. Yon's the *White Bishops P.* Ile play at's heart now.
*W.Q.*P. How now blacke Villaine! wouldst thou heape a
On thy first foule offence? O merciles bloodhound! (murder
'Tis time that thou wert taken.
*B.K.*P. How? Preuented?
*W.Q.*P. For thy sake, and that partner in thy shame,
Ile neuer know man further then by Name. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia. Enter Blacke King, Queene, Kni. Du. Bish. and White Knight, and White Duke.

W.K. You haue enricht my knowledge (Noble Sir)
And my content together.
Bl.K. 'Steed of Riot
We set you onely welcome: surfeit is
A thing that's seldome heard of in these partes.
Wh.K. I heare of the more vertue, when I misse on't.
Bl.Kni. We doe not vse to burie in our Bellies
Two hundred thousand Duccats, and then boast on't;
Or exercise th'olde Romane painfull Idlenesse,
With care of fetching Fishes far from home,
The Golden-headed *Corazine* out of *Ægypt*;
The *Salpa* from *Eleusis*; or the *Pelamis*
(which some call *Sommer White*) from *Calcedon*;
Salmons from *Aquitane*; *Helops* from *Rhodes*;
Cockles from *Chios*, frank'd and fatted vp;

With

With *Far* and *Sapa*; Flower and cockted Wine.
We cram no Birds, nor (*Epicidean*-like)
Encloſe ſome Creeks o'th Sea, as *Sergius Crata* did.
He that inuented the firſt ſtewes, for Oyſters,
And other Sea-fiſh: who beſides the pleaſure of his,
Owne throat; got large Reuenues by the Inuention
Whoſe fat example the Nobilitie followed;
Nor doe wee imitate that Arch Gurmandizer,
With two and twentie courſes, at one Dinner
And betwixt euery courſe, he and his Gueſts
Waſh'd and vs'd women, then ſat downe and ſtrengthned
Luſt ſwimming in their diſhes; which no ſooner
Was taſted, but was ready to be vented.
Wh. K. Moſt impious Epicures.
Bl. K. We commend rather
(Of two extreames) the Parſimonie of *Pertinax*,
Who had halfe Lettiſſes ſet vp to ſerue againe.
Or his Succeſſor *Iulian* that would make
Three meales of a Leane Hare: and after ſup
With a greene Figge and wipe his Beard (as we can)
The old Bewaylers of Exceſſe, in thoſe dayes
Complain'd there was more Coyne bid for a Cooke
Then for a Warre-horſe: but now Cookes are purchas'd
After the rate of Triumphs; and ſome diſhes
After the rate of Cookes, which muſt needs make
Some of your White Houſe Gormendizers, ſpecially
Your wealthie plump Plebians like the Hogges
Which *Scaliger* cites, that could not moue for fat
So inſenſible of either pricke or Goad,
That Myce made holes to needle in their Buttockes
And they nere felt 'em: There was once a Ruler
Cyrenes Gouernour; choaked with his owne paunch,
Which death, fat *Sauetius* King of Caſtile, fearing
Through his infinite maſſe of Belly, rather choſe
To be kild ſodainely by a pernicious herbe
Taken to make him leane; which old *Cordoba*
King of *Morocco*, counſel'd his feare to,
Then he would hazard to be ſtrucke to death,
As that Huge Cormorant that was choak'd before him.

W.K. Well you are as ſound a Spoakes-man (Sir) for Parſi-
Cleane abſtinence, and ſcarce one meale a day, (monie,
As euer ſpake with tongue.

Bl. K. Cenſure him mildely Sir;
'Twas but to finde diſcourſe.

B. Q. Hee'l raiſe of any thing.

W.K. I ſhall be halfe afraid to feed hereafter.

VV.D. Or I (beſhrew my heart) for I feare fatnes,
(The fog of fatnes) as I feare a Dragon:
The Comlineſſe I wiſh for, that's as glorious. (Sir)

VV.K. Your courſe is wondrous ſtrict: I ſhould tranſgreſſe
Were I to change my ſide (as you haue much wrought me)

Bl.K. How you miſprize! this is not meant to you-ward:
You that are woond vp to the height of feeding,
By Clime and cuſtome, are diſpenc'd withall:
You may eate Kid, Cabrito, Calfe, and Ton's,
Eate, and eate euery day twice if you pleaſe.
Nay, the Frank'd Hen (fatned with Milke and Corne)
A Riot which the Inhabitants of *Delos*
Were firſt Inuenters of: Or the cramb'd Cockle.

VVh. K. Well, for the Food I am happily reſolu'd in,
But for the dyet of my diſpoſition,
There comes a trouble you will hardely finde
Foode to pleaſe that.

Bl.Kni. It muſt be a ſtrange Nature
We cannot finde a Diſh for, hauing *Policie*
(The Maſter Cooke of Chriſtendome) to dreſſe it.
Pray name your Natures dyet?

VVh.K. The firſt Meſſe
Is hot Ambition.

Bl.Kni. That's but ſeru'd in puff-paſte:
Alas, the meaneſt of our Cardinals Cookes
Can dreſſe that Dinner: Your Ambition (Sir)
Can fetch no further compaſſe then the World?

VVh.K. That's certaine (Sir)

Bl. K. We are about that already,
And in the large Feaſt of our vaſt Ambition,
We count but the *VVhite Kingdome* (whence you come from)
The Garden for our Cooke, to picke his Sallads:

The

The Foods, leane *France* larded with *Germany*;
Before which comes the graue, chaft Signorie
Of *Venice*, ſeru'd in (Capon-like) in White-broth:
From our chiefe Quen *Italy* the Bake meats:
Sauoy the Salte: *Geneua* the chip'd Manchet.
Belowe the Salt, the Netherlands are plac'd;
A common Diſh at lower end a'th Table,
For meaner pride to fall to. For our ſecond Courſe,
A Spit of *Portugall* ſeru'd in for Plouers:
Indians and *Mores* for Blackbirds: All this while
Holland ſtands ready melted to make Sawce,
On all occaſions, when the Voyder comes:
And with ſuch Cheere, our full hopes we ſuffice;
Zealand ſayes Grace (for faſhion) then we riſe.

VVh. K. Heer's Meat enough on conſcience for Ambition,

Bl.Kni. If there be any want, there's *Switzerland*, *Polonia*, and ſuch pickled thinges will ſerue
To furniſh out the Table.

VVh.Kni. You ſay well (Sir)
But heer's the miſery, when I haue ſtop'd the mouth
Of one Vice, there's another gapes for food:
I am as couetous as a barren wombe,
The Graue, or what's more rauenous?

Bl. Kni. We are for you (Sir)
Call you that haynous that's good Husbandry?
Why, we make money of our Faiths, our Prayers;
We make the very Death-bed buy her Comforts
Moſt deerely pay for all their pious Counſels;
Leaue rich Reuenues for a few weake *Orizons*;
Or elſe they paſſe vnreconſil'd without 'em.
Did you but view the Vaults within our Monaſteries,
You would ſweare then *Plutus* (which the Fiction calls
The Lord of Riches) were entoomb'd within 'em.

Wh.K. Is't poſſible!

Bl.D. You cannot walke for Tunnes.

VV.D. But how ſhall I beſtow the Vice I bring (Sirs)
You quite forget me, I ſhall be ſhut out
By your ſtrict Key of life?

Bl.K. Is your's ſo vilde (Sir?)

Wh.D. Some-

W. D. Some that are pleas'd to make a wanton on's
Call it infirmitie of Blood, Fleſh frailety,
But certaine ther's a worſe name in your bookes for't.
Bl. K. The Trifle of all vices, the meere Innocent
The very Nouice of this Houſe of Cley: Venery?
If I but hug thee hard, I ſhow the worſt on't
'Tis all the fruit we haue here after ſupper,
Nay, at the Ruines of the Nunnerie once
Six thouſand Iufants heads found in a fiſh-pond,
Wh. D. How?
B. K. I, how? how came they thither thinke you?
Huldrick Biſhop of Ausberge in's Epiſtle
To *Nicholas* the firſt, can tell you how,
May be he was at cleanſing of the pond;
I can but ſmile to thinke, how it would puzzell
All Mother-Maides that euer liu'd in thoſe parts,
To know their owne Childs head, but is this all?
Bl. D. Are you ours yet?
Wh. Kni. One more and I am ſilenc'd
But this that comes now, will diuide vs queſtionles
'Tis ten times, ten times worſe, then the fore-runners.
B. Kni. Is it ſo vil'd there is no name ordain'd for't?
Toades haue their Titles, and creation gaue
Serpents, and Adders, thoſe names to be knowne by,
Wh K. This of all others beares the hidden'ſt venome
The ſmootheſt poiſon: I am an arch-diſſembler (Sir)
Bl. Kni. How?
W. Kni. 'Tis my Natures bran'd: turne from me Sir
The time is yet to come that ere I ſpoake
What my heart meant.
Bl. Kni. And call you that a vice?
Auoid all prophanation, I beſeech you
The onely prime State vertue vpon earth
The pollicie of Empires: oh take heed (Sir)
For feare it take diſpleaſure, and forſake you;
'Tis like a Iewell of that pretious valew
Whoſe worthe's not knowne but to the skilfull Lapidarie.
The Inſtrument that picks o'pe Princes hearts
And locks vp ours from them, with the ſame motion,

You

You neuer came so nere our Soules as now.
Bl. D. Now you are a Brother to vs.
Bl. Kni. What we haue done
Hath bin dissemblance euer.
Wh. K. There you lye then
And the Game's ours: We giue thee Check-mate, by
Discouerie, (King) the Noblest Mate of all.
Bl. Kni. I am lost, I am taken.
Wh. Kni. Ambitious, Couetous, Luxurious, Falshood.
Wh. D. Dissembler includes all. } *Enter White King Queene, Bishop Pawne.*
Bl. K. All hop's confounded.
Bl. Q. Miserable condition.
Wh. K. Oh let me blesse mine Armes with this deere Trea-
Truths glorious Master Peice; See (Queen of sweenes) (sure
Hee's in my Bosome, safe; and this faire Structure
Of comely Honour his true bless'd Assistant.
Wh. Q. May their Integrities euer posses
That powerfull Sanctuarie.
Wh. K. As tw'as a Game (Sir)
Won with much hazard;
So with much more Triumph,
I gaue him Check Mate by discouerie (Sir)
Wh. K. Obscuritie is now the fittest fauour
Falshood can sue for: It well suits Perdition
'Tis their best course that so haue lost their Fame,
To put their heads; into the Bagge for shame
And there behold the Bags mouth (like hel) opēs } *The Bagge*
To take her due: and the lost Sonnes appeare, } *opens the Bl.*
Gredily gaping for encrease of followship, } *Side it it.*
In infamy the last desire of wretches:
Aduancing their perdition branded fore-heads
Like Enuies issue, or a Bed of Snakes.
Bl. B.p. Ti's too apparant, the Game's lost, King's taken.
Fat B. The white House hath giuen vs the Bag (I thank 'em)
Iest. P. They had need giue you a whole Bag by your selfe
This Blacke Bishop hath so ouer-laid me
So quelch'd and squeizd mee, I haue no Verjuyce
Left in me, you shall finde all my Goodnes
If you looke for't in the bottome of the Bagge.
Fat B. Thou Malepart Pawne

The Bishop must haue Rome, he will haue Rome,
And Roome to lye at pleasure.
Iest. P. All the Bag I thinke
Is roome too scant for your Spalletto Paunch.
Bl. B.p. Downe Viper of our Order, I abhorre thee,
Thou showe thy whorish front?
Bl. Q.P. Yes (Monster Holines)
Wh. K. Contention in the Pit? is Hell deuided?
Wh. K. You had need haue some of Maiestie and power
To keepe good rule amongst you: make roome Bishop.
Fat B. I am not easily mou'd when I am once set,
I scorne to stirre for any Knig on Earth.
Fat B. Here comes the Queene what say you then to her?
Wh. Q. Indeed a Queene may make a Bishop stirre
Wh. K. Roome for the mightiest Machiuall Polititian
That euer the Diuell hatch'd of a Nuns-egge.
Fat B. Hee'l pecke a hole in the Bagge and get out shortly
I 'em sure to be the last man that creepes out
And thats the miserie of greatnes euer.
Wh. D. Roome for a sun-burn'd, Tanzey fac'd belou'd,
An Olife coloured *Ganimed:* and thats all
Thats worth the Begging.
Fat B. Crow'd in all you can
The Bishop will be still vppermost man
Maugre King, Queene, or Polititian.
Wh. K. So let the Bagge close now (the fittest wombe
For Treacherie, Pride, and falshohd, whilst we winner like)
Distroying through Heauens power, what would distroy.
Welcome our White Kuight with lowd peales of Ioy.

Epilogue.

MY Mistris (the White Queene) hath sent me forth
And bad me bow thus lowe to all of worth,
That are true Friends of the White House and Cause,
Which She hopes most of this assembly drawes.
For any else, by Enuies marke deuoted,
To those Night Glow-wormes in the Bagge denoted
Where ere they sit, stand, or in priuate lurke
They'l be soone knowne by their deprauing worke.
But She's assur'd, what they'le commit to Bayne
Her White Friends hands will build vp faire againe.

Pölland 17885

MAY 8 1930